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{ From Beginning.
Vol. CXXI. }

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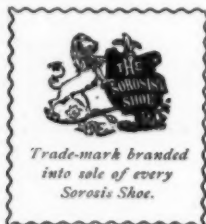
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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXI.

THE GREAT TRACTARIAN.

The ninety "Tracts for the Times," or "Tracts against the Times," as Mrs. Browning called them, have fallen into deserved oblivion. The greatest tracts in the English language, the "Character of a Trimmer" and the "Anatomy of an Equivalent," are the victims of unmerited neglect. It would be hard to say why; for no such accident has happened to the fame of their author.

George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, the idol of Macaulay, who describes him as the real author of the Revolution, was a conspicuous figure in the politics of his day, and the great Whig historian has done him ample justice. With every advantage of birth and fortune he combined a singularly acute and subtle intellect, oratorical power of the highest kind, a humor at once exquisite and profound, and a thorough knowledge of the world. His *Life* has at last been written by the learned and accomplished lady whose article in the *English Historical Review* for October, 1896, was so generally appreciated and admired. Miss Foxcroft has read and studied the manuscripts at Devonshire House and at Althorp. She has seen correspondence unseen by Macaulay, and her volumes probably contain all that will ever be known about Halifax. No other statesman of the seventeenth century is so like a statesman of the nineteenth. He had, as Macaulay says,

a peculiar gift for anticipating the judgment of posterity. Miss Foxcroft traces his foresight to his love of abstract speculation, which was undoubtedly strong. But there was more in it than that. The famous saying about Voltaire, "*Il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a*," might be applied to Halifax in modified form. He was more thoroughly imbued than any other Englishman with the English spirit of compromise. He was a born critic, and objections occurred to him at once. William the Third, who more than once paid Halifax the compliment of calling himself a Trimmer, rebuked him in council for indecision. It was, no doubt, his fault. In 1688, when the Prince of Orange was on the point of actually sailing, Halifax drew back and began to think, as was his wont, that there was something to be said for the losing side. He hated the insolence of triumph, and always sympathized with the unsuccessful. Once, and only once, was he cruel to the fallen: when he went to tell King James that his Majesty must leave Whitehall he showed unusual harshness. But the King had made a fool of him, and ridicule, of which he was a master, was a thing he could not bear. And, indeed, the man who never lost his temper with James the Second could have had no temper to lose.

The eloquent and accomplished Trimmer was born in 1633. When he was eleven years old his father died, leaving him the head of an old Yorkshire family, and the inheritor of a baronetcy created by James the First. His great-grandmother was a Talbot, and his grandmother a Wentworth. His mother was a daughter of Lord Keeper Coventry, and from that great judge he may have derived his natural vigor of expression. In the year of his father's death his mother, then expecting her confinement, was besieged by the Parliamentarians at Sheffield Castle, and the barbarity with which she seems to have been treated as the widow of a noted Royalist may have given the boy the horror of violence which remained with him through life. He had the singular honor of protesting, first against the execution of Lord Stafford, the last victim of Oates, and afterwards against the execution of Russell and Sidney, judicially murdered by the triumphant Tories. Halifax believed neither in extreme courses nor in the extreme punishment of those who adopted them. He had not much sympathy with enthusiasm, but he did not hate enthusiasts. He had, indeed, a remarkable power of understanding, and even sympathetically understanding, opinions which he did not hold. He was himself in theory a Republican. Of the hereditary principle he made open fun. No one, he said, would engage a coachman because his father had been one before him. Yet he respected the British constitution almost superstitiously, and the British Monarchy as part of it. The republicanism of Halifax, which did not prevent him from serving Charles the Second and William the Third, or even from corresponding with James the Second at Saint-Germains, is not very difficult to explain. He was not, like Algernon Sidney, a Republican in the Cromwellian sense. He was a thorough aristo-

crat. The oldest republic then existing in the world, the Republic of Venice, was an intensely aristocratic institution, and Halifax was a firm believer in the natural authority of a governing class. He argued that even in the Navy, where skill and experience must count for something, command should usually be given to men of high social station. Mr. Disraeli's description of the Whigs as a Venetian oligarchy was inspired by the lurid insight of hatred. Applied to the Whigs of his own time it was grotesque. In the eighteenth, and still more in the seventeenth, century the phrase was not inapplicable, and I doubt whether the Whigs of the Revolution would have repudiated it. But of course the Dutch Republic was always present to Halifax's mind.

A cynical Tory said of a late eminent lawyer, "Coleridge is a perfect specimen of a natural Radical. He never could bear the idea of any one above himself." Lord Halifax did not much like it either, and I suspect that much of his reluctance to bring the Prince of Orange over may thus be explained. He knew that the Prince of Orange, whatever else he might be, would be no King Log. James, the baffled oppressor, would have been much easier to manage than William, the triumphant deliverer. In the eyes of Halifax a monarchy was made much less mischievous by the weakness of the monarch. His public life began with the Restoration, and he sat in the Convention of 1660 as a member for Pontefract. He was then twenty-seven, Sir George Savile, the owner of a splendid estate, and had been four years married. He was no sportsman and cared nothing for horses or dogs. But he was devoted to the country, and for Rufford he had a peculiar love. It was not want of ambition, nor indifference to office, which drew him so often from the house he had built in St. James' Square to his Nottinghamshire woods.

Although he described the work of Government as a rough thing compared with the fineness of speculative thought, he liked being in the center, and enjoyed the conscious exercise of his great parliamentary powers. It was love of nature that drew him to Rufford, and not hatred of business or weariness of the world. The Convention was the only parliament in which Sir George Savile sat as a commoner. In 1668 he became Viscount Halifax, and a Commissioner of Trade. The House of Lords, which was not much larger then than the American Senate is now, exactly suited him. For a quarter of a century he delighted the Peers with his eloquence, his shrewdness, and his wit. Like the present Prime Minister, he saw the ridiculous side of everything, and if a ludicrous image presented itself to his mind, he always gave his audience the benefit of it. He had his joke and yet kept his estate. Bishop Burnet was a favorite theme of his pleasantry. He liked the Bishop's latitudinarian theology, but the Bishop's statesmanship always excited his merriment. Burnet once referred to his own speech as the salt which he had contributed to the debate. It was not, replied Halifax, of the sort which seasoned all things. For in that case there would have been less of it, and it would have been more to the purpose. Both in public and in private his humor was unmanageable and indiscreet. It is said that Danby never forgave Halifax's comment upon his reluctant refusal of a speculative offer for the privilege of farming the taxes. The Lord Treasurer, observed Halifax, reminded him of a man who, being asked for the use of his wife, declined in terms of great politeness. One of his comments has passed into a proverb. When in 1683 Lord Rochester was deprived of the Privy Seal, then an office of importance, and appointed to the dignified sinecure of Lord President,

Halifax said that he had never before seen a man kicked up-stairs. If any member of the present Cabinet were created a Peer, at least three newspapers would say the next morning that he had been kicked up-stairs.

Against the Test Acts Lord Halifax both voted and spoke. It was this which enabled him afterwards to address the Dissenters with so much effect against accepting the proposal of the King to include them in the dispensation from these statutes. He could say, and he did say, "I am against all religious disabilities. But it is better to endure unjust exclusion from office than to put the King above the law." It is more remarkable, considering his subsequent opposition to the Exclusion Bill, that he should have supported Lord Carlisle in providing against the marriage of Catholics with heirs to the throne. Charles, who at this time probably was a Catholic, though Halifax did not know it, disliked him at first, and was with difficulty persuaded to nominate him on the Council of Thirty in 1679. But once there, he soon became a prime favorite with Charles, and was "never from the King's elbow." The King, though from always telling the same stories he came at last to be regarded as a bore, knew good company as well as any man in his dominions, and in all his dominions there was no better company than Halifax. His intellect was extraordinary subtle, his wit was marvellously keen; he had studied, as Matthew Arnold says, in the book of the world rather than in the world of books. He took the King's measure accurately enough, as his famous "Character" shows. But nobody could amuse the King more, and there was nothing the King liked more than to be amused. The same year that he joined the Council Halifax was raised to an earldom, and obtained a still higher post of vantage from which to

launch his satire against hereditary distinctions. He brought to that disreputable Court, and he did not lose in it, the rare and priceless gift of urbanity. Though essentially good-natured, and not in the least vindictive, he allowed no man's feelings to stand in the way of a jest, and his mocking spirit might have made him many enemies. But it was almost impossible to be angry with Halifax. His own temper was so imperturbably serene, his breeding so perfect, his politeness so engaging, that he could say what he liked—and he always said what he liked—without giving offence. His manners, like all manners which are really good, were the reflection of a kind heart and a genial disposition. Cruelty and revenge were abhorrent to him.

The greatest of Halifax's parliamentary triumphs was his successful resistance to the Exclusion Bill in 1680. He was opposed to the first Lord Shaftesbury, the most adroit and versatile statesman of the age, a great lawyer, but not a mere lawyer, the ancestor of many able men, and by far the ablest of them all. When the House of Lords was in committee on the Bill, Shaftesbury and Halifax spoke sixteen times in succession. Such a rhetorical duel has never been fought in parliament since, not between Pitt and Fox, not between Peel and Russell, not between Gladstone and Disraeli. No word of it is left. But just as the chief debaters of this century have always been told that they could not hope to rival Lord Plunket on the Union, so the future Earl of Chatham was assured that he could not equal the performances of Lord Halifax on the Exclusion Bill. The Bill was rejected, as the Habeas Corpus Act had been passed nearly twenty years before, by a very small majority. There were sixty Contents and sixty-three Not Contents. There is an old tradition, or superstition, that speeches never change votes;

but considering the closeness of the numbers and the comparative looseness of party ties in the seventeenth century, the loss of the Exclusion Bill may fairly be attributed to the eloquence of Halifax, the Gotham of Dryden, "endued by nature, and by learning taught to move assemblies." The supreme importance of the vote is obvious. If the Exclusion Bill had passed both Houses and received the royal assent, which was then no fiction, the Crown would have devolved upon Mary at the death of Charles, the Prince of Orange would have been nominally no more than the Prince of Denmark was in the reign of Anne, and the country would have been spared the worst reign in English history. So at least it now seems. History, said Arthur Helps, is spoiled for us by our knowledge of the event. Lord Halifax could predict events better than most people. But he was not infallible. He believed that conditions could be imposed upon James which James would be forced to accept. He underrated William of Orange. He held, perhaps correctly, that public opinion was not ripe for the exclusion of Catholics from the throne, and that a too militant Protestantism would lead to civil war. His views prevailed, and James marched without impediment to his doom. Jeffries and the Bloody Assize did what the arguments of Shaftesbury had failed to do: they made England a Protestant country and Dutch William an English King. Reaction against the villainies of Oates, and repentance for the scandal of the Popish Plot, were powerful allies of the Duke of York. The stupidity and bigotry of James the Second wiped them out of existence, and Halifax himself could not, if he had tried, have explained away the trial of the seven Bishops. He stood by the Bishops and visited them in the Tower. But he would not concur in the invitation

to William. He was certainly not wanting in courage. The defence of unpopular causes and of still more unpopular persons had never had any terrors for him. But he would not, perhaps from temperament, go all lengths with any faction. He played a leading part in the Revolutionary Settlement; it was he who, in the name of both Houses, offered the crown to William and Mary. His cavalier blood and his philosophic temper disqualified him for a revolutionary hero.

As Halifax held office under Charles the Second, it was natural, and perhaps inevitable, that he should be offered a bribe by the French Court. The agent employed was Barillon, the French Ambassador. But the attempt was futile. Although Halifax had not the contempt for worldly honors which he professed, was as anxious as Sir Walter Scott for the perpetuation of his family, and was rather fond of money than otherwise, he was above pecuniary corruption. Very few of his contemporaries were. He was certainly under no special temptation, for his estates were ample and they were not embarrassed. But

*crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa
pecunia crescit.*

There is no greater fallacy than to assume that rich men cannot be corrupted and will not steal. The poor go to prison, but that is another story. It is one of Lord Halifax's many titles to respect and esteem that, in an age of low and coarse venality, he maintained a high standard of personal honor. His designs for the future failed. His son, the second Marquis, did not long survive him, and the peerage became extinct, though it was immediately afterwards revived for the benefit of Charles Montague. The baronetcy reverted to a distant kinsman, and descended in the middle of the eighteenth century

to an eminent Whig universally esteemed. Lord Halifax's daughter, for whom he wrote his celebrated "Advice," became the mother of Lord Chesterfield. Her husband is said to have inscribed upon his copy of the letter, "Labor in vain," and the marriage was not a happy one. Stanhope appealed to his father-in-law, and Miss Foxcroft has printed Halifax's reply. It is the letter of a wise and kind man, full of sense and tact. Miss Foxcroft throws doubt upon the tradition, accepted by Macaulay, that Halifax was the father of Henry Carey, and consequently the ancestor of Edmund Kean. She suggests that the real father was the second Marquis, but her reasons are, as might have been expected, inconclusive.

Lord Halifax was not long in office under James the Second. No two men in the world could have had less in common. Halifax was graceful, subtle, dexterous, skeptical and humane; James was dull, dogged, superstitious, and cruel. Halifax was a rigid and formal Constitutionalist; to James the Constitution was an impertinent check upon power which he believed himself to have derived from God. He at once set about to repeal the Test Act, which stood in the way of his religion, and the Habeas Corpus Act, which stood in the way of his tyranny. Halifax opposed him, and was at once, notwithstanding his services in the debates on the Exclusion Bill, struck off the Council. He was thus relieved of all further responsibility for the most dismal and disastrous of all failures to enslave the English people. Dryden's "Hind and Panther" is commonly said to have been the one great literary work which the reign of James the Second produced. I venture to say that the "Character of a Trimmer," the "Anatomy of an Equivocal," and the "Letter to a Dissenter" are far more valuable contributions to the English language and to speculative

thought. Dryden, though a great poet, and a magnificent writer of English prose, was no theologian. He cared no more for the differences between Protestants and Catholics than the Vicar of Bray himself. The "Hind and the Panther," though it contains many fine verses, is far below the standard of "Absalom and Achitophel." Halifax, on the other hand, was a thorough master of his subject. He understood the art of politics as well as Richelieu, and the philosophy of politics as well as Montesquieu. He was equally at home in the abstract and in the concrete. His principles, though broad and comprehensive, were always capable of immediate application to the problems of the day. The great mistake of his life, his *gran rifiuto*, was his delay in joining the Revolution of 1688. It was certainly not made *per virtù*. The unpopularity of a cause, or of a man, always attracted instead of repelling him. But when all the world was turning from James to William, Halifax instinctively turned from William to James. He would rather not go far enough than go too far. He thought that anybody could be taught anything, and that therefore James the Second might be taught to keep his word. But James, as his "Memoirs" show, was the most logical of men. He held that there could be no binding obligation from a king to his subjects. He was a king, and could release himself from any promises he might make. Nothing could restrain him except fear, and the moment the fear was over the restraint was at an end. Happily for English freedom, nobody could help James. His obstinate folly confounded the wisdom of Halifax, as it had paralyzed the power of Louis. He left Halifax in the lurch, and that was a thing which mortal man never had a chance of doing twice. The flight of James made Halifax a Williamite, not because it proved William to be victorious, but because it proved

James to be a fool. When the Peers met for consultation on the 21st of December, they chose Halifax to be their chairman. In the Convention Parliament he was elected Speaker by the House of Lords, and William made him Lord Privy Seal. He did not long retain either place, and in 1693, two years before his death, he finally retired from official life. He attended the House of Lords to the last, and he signed a protest against renewing the Censorship of the Press. His "Essay on Taxes" and his "Maxims of State" appeared in 1693. In 1694 he wrote, or at least published, his "Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea." In the last few weeks of his life he drew up his "Cautions Offered for the Consideration of Those Who Are to Choose Members to Serve in the Ensuing Parliament." He did not live to see the result of the General Election of 1695, which was favorable to the Government, and in which his old enemy John Hampden lost his seat. His final tract, not Number Ninety but Number Six, was written for once on the winning side: the Parliament of 1695 was loyal to the Revolution.

Miss Foxcroft, differing from Macaulay, argues that Halifax retired in 1693 of his own accord, and against the will of the King. I think that she has made out her case, and that Macaulay exaggerated the importance of a hasty exclamation which came from William in Council, that the Marquis could never make up his mind. William was what we mean by a practical politician, and Halifax, with all his shrewdness, was not. But, on the other hand, the King, as became his position, was neither Whig nor Tory, and Halifax proclaimed himself a Trimmer. The great enemy of trimmers was Judge Jeffries, and it was to the fury with which he rallied at one of them from the Bench that he owed his recognition in disguise, his capture, and his death in the Tower. The pri-

vate cause of Halifax's retirement was domestic affliction. The public cause was the ascendancy of the Lord Treasurer Carmarthen. But indeed his natural place, though he did not know it, was in Opposition.

Some interesting and valuable notes made by Lord Halifax upon the Murder Committee have been preserved, and are now printed in Miss Foxcroft's book. The Committee which inquired into the judicial murders of William Russell and Algernon Sidney, exonerated Halifax from all blame. But he did not like the attacks made upon him, and he was sick of public affairs. Macaulay says that the one stain upon his career is his correspondence with James through Peter Cook, a Jacobite agent, in 1691. This is an obscure and rather mysterious transaction. From the language in which Halifax speaks of a similar charge, afterwards made against Bishop Sprat by a scoundrel called Young, it may be inferred that he saw no particular harm in making the best of both kings. He thought himself ill-treated by the triumphant Whigs, who suspected him because he would not go the whole way with them, and in the reign of William the Third discontent with the Court of St. James usually meant correspondence with the Court of Saint-Germain. Halifax died seven years before King William, and it was not till the death of Queen Anne that the Jacobites threw away their last chance. The equilibrium of "little Hooknose's" throne was of the kind which mathematicians call unstable, and Halifax may have contemplated the possibility of James' return under such conditions.

The charm of Halifax's character is more easily felt than explained. He was, it must be confessed, rather a selfish man, a refined, well-bred, tolerant voluptuary. In a gross age he was without grossness, and he was en-

tirely free, like the Prince of Orange, from the cruelty of which neither Whigs nor Tories can be acquitted. Consistent he was not. In theory a Republican, making the hereditary principle the subject of merciless ridicule, he procured for himself in rapid succession a Viscounty, an Earldom, and a Marquisate. For a man brought up in the Court of Charles the Second his morals were singularly pure, and he indignantly repelled the charge of Atheism, adding that he did not believe in the existence of Atheists. He seems to have been a sincere Christian, with a contemptuous dislike for dogmatic theology, and a feeling as near hatred as his temper admitted for the Church of Rome. He loved to feel that he had turned a Cistercian Abbey into a comfortable manor house. He liked the Church of England because she trimmed between the excesses of Romanism on one side and the excesses of Puritanism on the other. But he had the strong distaste for clericalism in politics which has been characteristic of the Whig party for the last two hundred years, and of which Sir William Harcourt is to-day the typical impersonation. Halifax himself was hardly a true Whig; for the Whig and Tory parties were formed by the debates on the Exclusion Bill, when Halifax was the leader of the Tories and Shaftesbury the leader of the Whigs. Yet, while the extreme Whigs always denounced the illustrious Trimmer, and he himself never assumed the Whig name, he was nearer to them than to their opponents. It is said, I know not upon what authority, that Mr. Froude's confidential servant, on being asked what his master's politics were, replied, "When the Liberals are in, Mr. Froude is sometimes a Conservative; when the Conservatives are in, he is always a Liberal." That was very much the case with Lord Halifax, allowance being made for the fact that

the system of party government was then in its infancy. He hated the parade and pomp of power. He was disgusted by ostentation, by vengeance, by triumph, by insolence. But though he opposed Whig intolerance, he opposed it because it was intolerance, and not because it was Whig. His intellect, as Macaulay says, was always with Milton and Locke. England was to him a republic with an hereditary president, and with all his lukewarmness in politics he loved England from the bottom of his heart. He was not given to enthusiasm, but he was an enthusiastic patriot.

Our Trimmer is far from idolatry in other things; in one thing only he comes near it—his country is in some degree his idol; he does not worship the sun, because 'tis not peculiar to us, it rambles about the world, and is less kind to us than others; but for the earth of England, though perhaps inferior to that of many places abroad, to him there is Divinity in it, and he would rather die than see a piece of English grass trampled down by a foreign trespasser.

Halifax was not called upon to die for his country, and he would certainly not have died for any political interest. Perhaps he was too well off. He came early into the possession of large estates, and his fortune throughout his life was ample. His public career was one of almost uniform prosperity, for it was not an adverse circumstance to be dismissed by the worst of English kings. He was an affectionate husband, an indulgent father, a sympathetic and generous friend. He was not formed of the stuff which goes to the making of heroes and martyrs. His temper was epicurean, and he enjoyed, as if he had not been a philosopher, what are rather vulgarly called the good things of life. He was habitually considerate of others, and he took care on his death-bed to prevent the knowledge of

his condition from putting off the marriage of his son. Like Sophocles, he was gentle in death, as he had been gentle in life. Even his wit seldom wounded, it was so perfectly urbane.

One cannot think of Halifax without thinking of Burke. Swift, it is true, came between them, and these three may, I suppose, be called the greatest of British pamphleteers. But Burke owed very little to Swift and a great deal to Halifax. Swift, indeed, cannot be imitated. It would be as hopeful to imitate Pindar. His humor is profound; but it is savage, unholy, and unclean. His style is clear, racy, and powerful; but it offers no points for the aspiring essayist. Its perfection is, if not uninteresting, at least uninteresting. Burke had neither the wit of Halifax nor the humor of Swift. He produced his effects by the vastness of his knowledge, the splendor of his eloquence, the energy of his passion, and the loftiness of his tone. Halifax had none of Swift's brutality and none of Burke's magniloquence. He wrote as a highly cultivated man of his day would talk—with more correctness, indeed, but with the same absence of formality and the same dignified ease. He had not Burke's earnestness. If he hated anything except the Church of Rome, he hated a bore. Burke, as we know, emptied the House of Commons, and his pamphlets are very like his speeches. Both are now regarded as standards of classic oratory and storehouses of political wisdom. In his lifetime he had less influence than Halifax, until he hit the temper of the middle class by his diatribes against the French Revolution. Halifax knew exactly what people would read and what they would not. He always amused them, he never wearied them, he did not leave them for a moment in doubt of his meaning. He had the art, essential to a good advocate, of

making readers or jurors think that they have arrived at their conclusions for themselves. Burke lectures and scolds even while he is reasoning with consummate force; Halifax smiles and persuades. "In such company," he writes at the end of his famous tract, "our Trimmer is not ashamed of his name [It includes the Creator of the Universe], and willingly leaves to the bold champions of either extreme the honor of contending with no less adversaries than nature, religion, liberty, prudence, humanity, and common sense." Burke was indebted to him for the luminous tranquillity with which in his best days he applied the eternal principles of justice to the passing controversies of the hour. If Halifax had a fault as a controversialist, it was that he indulged with too much freedom in the priceless and permanent luxury of intellectual contempt, which money cannot purchase and custom cannot stale.

Professor Saintsbury, in his "Short History of English Literature," a work of much learning and some prejudice, refers to the "crisp elegance" of Halifax's style. That seems to me damning it with faint praise. The combination of terseness and fulness, of wit and sense, of logic and fancy, are the principal characteristics of Halifax. His works are perfect examples of the hard writing which makes easy reading. No doubt, as Mr. Saintsbury says, he wrote so that any one should be able to understand him. But he contrived also to excite and to retain the admiration of all who love the English tongue. His most famous tract, the "Character of a Trimmer," written, but not printed, in the reign of Charles the Second, is a frank and full confession of his own political faith. It is a plea for moderation. Halifax never, so far as I know, mentions Aristotle. It was against his principles to make a display of learning or of any

thing else, and his classical scholarship was probably superficial. But the "Character of a Trimmer" is the philosophy of the mean teaching by example. It is full of political wisdom, and of condensed thoughts upon which whole treatises might be composed. Take, for instance, the following:

If it be true that the wisest men make the laws, it is true that the strongest do often interpret them; and as rivers belong as much to the channel wherein they run as to the spring from which they first rise, so the laws depend as much upon the pipes through which they are to pass, as upon the fountain from whence they flow.

Charles the Second's sheriffs and judges might have impressed that truth upon a less susceptible mind than the mind of Halifax. The most infamous of all James' tools, who never had a criminal before him, except perhaps Oates, half so bad as himself, raved with even more than his usual indecency against that "strange beast called a trimmer." Many paradoxes are inverted platitudes, and Halifax only stated in plain words the doctrines upon which most men act. It was indignation which made the prose of Halifax, as it had made the verse of Juvenal. When he saw both factions join in giving a bad name to the only men in the country who deserved a good one, he spoke out and struck home. Although he sometimes hesitated in council, there is no hesitation in his writings. It was in a thoroughly uncompromising spirit that he defended the spirit of compromise. Sometimes he reminds one of Bacon, as in the sentence: "He that fears God only because there is a Hell, must wish there were no God; and he who fears the King only because he can punish, must wish there were no King." None, says Bacon, deny the existence of God but those for whom it maketh that

there were no God. Halifax agreed with Bacon that Atheism was unthinkable; but he was the reverse of superstitious, and in his "Notes on the Life of Bishop Williams" he says he wants no further evidence against Charles the First's understanding than his Majesty's belief in lucky days. Bacon's two celebrated Essays on Atheism and Superstition respectively sum up the religion of Halifax and of many other contemplative minds. There is a passage in the "Trimmer" which may be compared with the picturesque simile of a modern orator. Everybody remembers the scathing irony with which Canning compared the Pitt Club to the barbarous worshippers of eclipses. Halifax, in arguing against the Duke of Monmouth's suspected association in the Monarchy, asks the King to "reflect upon the story of certain men who had set up a statue in honor of the sun, yet in a very little time they turned their backs to the sun and their faces to the statue."

In his delightful letter to Cotton, the translator of Montaigne, Lord Halifax refers to the great Frenchman's immortal work as the book in the world he is best entertained with. The two cheerful and genial epicureans had indeed much in common. But there was another admirer of Montaigne who seems to have had some influence upon Halifax. The "Provincial Letters" appeared about fifteen years before the "Character of a Trimmer" was written. In the first of these immortal satires Pascal asks whether the five Jansenist propositions condemned by the Sorbonne are really to be found in the writings of Jansen, and gravely observes that mankind have become too skeptical to dispense with the evidence of their eyesight for the existence of visible objects. "Now," says Halifax, "the world is grown saucy and expects reasons, and good ones too, before they give up their own opinions to oth-

er men's dictates, though never so magisterially delivered to them." The grave and temperate irony of Pascal would have exactly suited the taste of Halifax, who shared his hatred of the Jesuits. Pascal was no Protestant, and Halifax was a Protestant to the backbone. But the "Provincial Letters" have always had a singular attraction for the Protestant mind, which assimilates the "Thoughts" with more difficulty. I cannot help believing that Halifax read and enjoyed the Provincials. He would have specially appreciated the apology for the length of the sixteenth Letter on the ground that Pascal had not time to make it shorter. Halifax aimed always at terseness, and spared no pains to achieve it. "Ill arguments, being seconded by good armies, carry such a power with them that naked sense is a very unequal adversary." A prize of some value might safely be offered for a condensation of that sentence.

If some of Halifax's sentences appear to be long, it is because, like most writers of his time, he was careless of punctuation, and used commas indiscriminately with full-stops. A more interesting peculiarity is his employment of the old biblical form in the third person singular of the present tense, which in his time was almost obsolete. I have not attempted in my quotations to preserve his antiquated and rather uncertain spelling. He had no mind for trifles. One of the few things which really moved his indignation was the recklessness of those who, in foreign policy, trusted to the chapter of accidents, "not considering that fortune is wisdom's creature, and that God Almighty loves to be on the wisest, as well as on the strongest, side."

The "Anatomy of an Equivalent" is specially addressed to the Protestant Dissenters, and is an attempt to dissuade them from acting with the

Church of Rome against the Church of England. The offer of James was plausible, and if it had come from an honest man it might have been accepted. "You," he said in substance to the Non-conformists, "suffer from the same disabilities as the members of my own Church. The Test Acts are directed against you and us alike. Support me in dispensing Catholics from them, and you shall also be dispensed yourselves." Lord Halifax could not very well take the line that the King was not to be trusted. Nor, indeed, were particular and personal arguments suited to the temper of his mind. The "fineness of speculative thought" was his master passion, and, though he lamented that politics were too rough for it, he loved to refine them by means of it whenever he could. Yet the "Anatomy of an Equivalent" is not altogether abstract. There are other ways of indicating people besides their names. Take, for instance, the following passage:

If men have contrarieties in their way of living not to be reconciled; as if they should pretend infinite zeal for liberty, and at that time be in great favor and employed by those who will not endure it. If they are affectedly singular, and conform to the generality of the world in nothing but in playing the knave. If demonstration is a familiar word with them, most especially when the thing is impossible.

I do not know that Halifax anywhere mentions William Penn; but it is impossible to doubt that this description is meant for him. Of all the agents whom James could have chosen for his purpose, Penn was probably the best. Although he was not at that time regarded as a saint, and had not yet become the eponymous hero of a great Christian community, his talents were conspicuous, and his character stood high. He was a courtier, and to be a

courtier was not altogether consistent with his religious belief. His defence was that he used his influence with the King on behalf of humanity and religion. If the King's religion was a cruel superstition—if his heart, as Marlborough said, was harder than the chimneypieces at Whitehall—so much the more did one need softening and the other enlightening. Macaulay denounces Penn as a hypocrite and a time-server. That Macaulay, for some reason or other, detested Quakers is, I think, abundantly clear. Like Dr. Johnson, he never loses an opportunity of sneering at them. To have dealings with James the Second, and not to be the worse for them, required a stronger man than Penn. It is less likely that he consciously deceived others than that he unconsciously deceived himself. But it is interesting to observe that the estimate of Halifax does not materially differ from the estimate of Macaulay. As a political philosopher, Halifax stands a head and shoulders above all his contemporaries except Locke. He saw through forms to substance. He perceived the essential realities which the outward trappings of constitutional government conceal from ordinary politicians. In this very treatise, which was on the face of it a pamphlet discussing a question of the hour, he finds space for an analysis of sovereignty which anticipates the rather pretentious work of John Austin:

There can be no government without a supreme power. That power is not always in the same hands, it is in different shapes and dresses, but still, wherever it is lodged, it must be unlimited. It hath a jurisdiction over everything else, but it cannot have it above itself. Supreme power can no more be limited than infinity can be measured; because it ceases to be the thing; its very being is dissolved when any bounds can be put to it.

The argument is that the power

which dispenses can revoke the dispensation, and cannot be controlled by any promise for the future. But it is characteristic of Halifax that he escapes from the actual circumstances of the case into a disquisition upon the nature of power. In his capacious intellect things assume their true proportions. If he was not—for no man can be—a spectator of all time and all existence, like the ideal philosopher in the "Republic" he at least looked beyond the controversies of his time to the central truths by which all controversies must in the long run be decided.

Halifax would not have been deceived by the fantastic though convenient theory of the Social Contract. He pointed out to the Dissenters that a contract was worthless unless one party could enforce it against the other. There may, of course, be contracts which the law will not compel men to discharge, such as bets under the law of England. But the payment of bets is secured by social usage and public opinion not less effectively than if it were secured by law. The Stuarts required a revolution to make them keep their word, and for revolutions Halifax had as strong a dislike as Pym. "That cannot be called good payment," he tells the Non-conformists, "which the party to whom it is due may not receive with ease and safety. It was a king's brother of England who refused to lend the Pope money, for this reason—that he would never take the bond of one upon whom he could not distrain." A curious inversion of this argument may be found in the Irish politics of the expiring century. John Mitchel the Repealer received some support in "loyal Ulster" because of his advanced views on agrarian reform. In the course of a speech on the land laws he adroitly introduced an attack upon the Union. He was met with cries of "To Hell with the Pope!" "Gentlemen," said Mitchel. "I am a Protestant, like your-

selves, and I have no more love for the Pope than you. But there is one thing his Holiness cannot do: he cannot issue a writ of ejectment in the county of Antrim." Halifax, though suspected of lukewarmness by zealots and accused of heresy by the orthodox, was a true Protestant, if ever there had been one, and he gained the ear of the Dissenters. They had good reason to distrust the King. But Penn might have won them over, if it had not been for the incomparable tracts of the witty and persuasive Marquis. There is no man, save William of Orange himself, to whom the people of England are more indebted for their freedom. Even now, when two hundred years of parliamentary government have obliterated the memory, and almost removed the meaning, of despotism from the minds of Englishmen, the closing words of the "Anatomy of an Equivalent" make the great struggle of the seventeenth century seem as vivid as the events of yesterday.

Thus I have ventured to lay down my thoughts of the nature of a bargain and the due circumstances belonging to an equivalent, and will now conclude with this short word. When distrusting may be the cause of provoking anger, and trusting may be the cause of bringing ruin, the choice is too easy to need the being explained.

It is no wonder, as Macaulay says, that Halifax should be the special favorite of historians. He has saved them so much trouble. He has anticipated their verdict, and told them what to think. There is something almost uncanny, and suggestive of the second sight, in the dispassionate judgment which was formed by a civil war and stood the test of a revolution. "The Constitution of England," says he in the days of James and Jeffries, "is too valuable a thing to be ventured upon a compliment." The sentence is from the "Letter to a Dissenter on the

Gracious Declaration of Indulgence." No man hated religious persecution more than Halifax. He hated all persecution. There was neither malice nor resentment in his nature. But he saw that there could be no liberty without law, and that the Test Acts were a smaller evil than the arbitrary power of the Crown. If the King could abrogate a bad Act he could abrogate a good one, and the Parliament of England would be, like the Parliament of Paris, a machine for the registration of the royal will. This "Letter to a Dissenter" is in every way superior to the other treatise with the same name, which was despatched from The Hague and signed "T. W." These initials, which probably stood for "The Writer," were supposed at the time to be an inversion of Sir William Temple's. But the style is the style of Halifax, and therefore altogether beyond the reach of Temple. It contains, moreover, an allusion to Penn which stamps it with the same authorship as the "Anatomy of an Equivalent." Penn must have had a peculiarly irritating effect upon Halifax, who becomes almost bitter in writing of him. Yet how delicious the irony is!

The Quakers, from being declared by the Papists not to be Christians, are now made favorites, and taken into their particular protection; they are on a sudden grown the most accomplished men of the kingdom in good breeding, and give thanks with the best grace, in double refined language. So that I should not wonder, though a man of that persuasion, in spite of his hat, should be Master of the Ceremonies.

This is a masterpiece of delicate satire; Lord Halifax must have had the picture in his eye when he wrote. "In spite of his hat" is a perfect touch, given with inimitable skill. The effect is deadly. There is so much insinuated, so little said. An inferior artist would have denounced Penn as a hypocrite,

and accused the Catholics of tampering with the most sacred of all truths.

Want of space prevents any reference to the "Cautions for the Choice of Members to Serve in Parliament," written in the last year, almost the last month, of his life, to the "Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea," or to the "Maxims of State."

Something must, however, in conclusion, be said of Lord Halifax's "Advice to a Daughter." The daughter married the third Lord Chesterfield, who had neither the ability nor the politeness of his son. The marriage was not a happy one. Even the tact and good humor of Halifax were unequal to the task of reconciliation. But the advice was excellent, whatever the results may have been. Halifax was a devoted father, and this letter is composed in his most serious vein. Sometimes his cynical wit breaks out, as when he says that though drunkenness may be an odious vice, a drunken husband is easier to manage than a sober one. But far more often he writes with grave dignity, especially on the subject of religion. The following passage is thoroughly characteristic in its combination of reverence and good sense:

Take heed of running into that common error of applying God's judgments upon particular occasions. Our weights and measures are not competent to make the distribution either of His mercy or of His justice. He hath thrown a veil over these things, which makes it not only an impertinence, but a kind of sacrilege for us to give sentence in them without His commission.

One thinks of the tower of Siloam. But how few people do! Halifax knew, as well as any man, what the material advantages of this world were worth. He enjoyed them all his life. He was very desirous that his children should have them after his death. No man was less like a morbid recluse, and what he

says of money may be trusted. What does he say of it? "If it was well examined, there is more money given to be laughed at than for any one thing in the world, though the purchasers do not think so." There is more depth and meaning in that closely packed apothegm than in Juvenal's trite and obvious tag about the ridiculousness of poverty. Poverty excites the mirth only of those who have no sense of humor. But misapplied wealth—and most wealth is misapplied—has furnished the satirists of all ages with a practically inexhaustible theme. And the beauty of it is that "the purchasers do not think so." They never did: they never will. Halifax did not know what it was to be poor. His life was passed in affluence, and much of it in splendor. But his intellect was quite untainted by vulgarity or prejudice. If he had been a country parson, and his daughter had been engaged to the curate, he could not have given her better counsel about economy.

The word necessary is miserably applied; it disordereth families, and overturneth Governments, by being so abused. Remember that children and fools want everything because they want wit to distinguish; and therefore there is no stronger evidence of a crazy understanding than the making too large a catalogue of things necessary, when in truth there are so very few things that have a right to be placed in it.

There is plenty of social satire in this letter for those who relish it. I feel for my part, that though it is admirably done, it is too easy for Lord Halifax, too much within the range of inferior minds: "Vanity maketh a woman tainted with it so top full of herself that she spillesh it upon the company." The image is droll enough, but Halifax was capable of better things. As he warms to his subject, and becomes fascinated with his own idea of the vain woman, his style improves,

and the end of the description is perfect.

She is faithful to the fashion, to which not only her opinion, but her senses, are wholly resigned: so obsequious she is to it, that she would be ready to be reconciled even to virtue with all its faults, if she had her dancing master's word that it was practised at Court.

Like all really great humorists, Halifax directed his humor against the follies and vices, never against the virtues and pieties of mankind.

Such, then, was George, Lord Halifax—Constitutional Revolutionist, Conservative Republican, pious freethinker, philosophic politician. No finer intellect was devoted in the seventeenth century to the service of the State. Mentally he was above his contemporaries and in advance of his age. If his moral conviction and his personal enthusiasm had been on a level with his speculative powers, he would have been the greatest man of his time. His temper was too critical, his taste was too fastidious, his wit was too little under restraint, for the rough work of troubled times. His attitude towards the Revolution resembled the attitude of Erasmus, a kindred spirit, towards the Reformation. He understood both the disease and the remedy, but he could not rid himself of the fear that the remedy might be worse than the disease. "Prosperity," says Bacon, "doth best discover vice;" and to the vices of prosperity Halifax was pitilessly severe. He was no worshipper of success. On the contrary, it moved his suspicion and prompted his censure. He could no more live with a party than Burke could live without one. When a number of people began to shout for a thing Halifax began to ask himself whether it could be so good as it seemed. As a political pamphleteer he says more in one page than Burke says in twenty, and his style, if less

gorgeous, is incomparably purer. We have no specimens of his oratory, but in the House of Lords the fear of all men was lest he should make an end.

Charles the Second, a thoroughly competent judge, considered him the best talker in England. As a writer he is usually wise, often witty, and never dull. His own favorite author was, as he tells us, Montaigne. In his delightful letter to Mr. Cotton, Montaigne's translator, he describes the illustrious Frenchman in terms not inapplicable to himself:

He let his mind have its full flight, and sheweth by a generous kind of negligence that he did not write for praise, but to give to the world a true picture of himself and of mankind. He scorned affected periods, or to

please the mistaken reader with an empty choice of words. He hath no affectation to set himself out, and dependeth wholly upon the natural force of what is his own, and the excellent application of what he borroweth.

It is impossible to read the works of Halifax without being struck by the intellectual affinity between him and the present Prime Minister. The aristocratic temper, the Conservative instincts, the audacious indiscretion, the irrepressible humor, the contempt for the solemn plausibilities of the world, even the epigrammatic turn of the phrases are common to the great Trimmer and the great Unionist. But Lord Salisbury has outgrown the love of minorities which Lord Halifax never lost.

Herbert Paul.

The Nineteenth Century.

A DREAM OF THE ROSE AND NIGHTINGALE.

I dreamt I lay upon a bed
Of autumn leafage gold and red,
And heard the passionate nightingale
Reproach the rose of June;
Till from red-crimson she turned pale,
Wanner than when the weeping moon
Looked down on dead Endymion.
From rose to lily thus she grew,
Till like her own sad ghost she shivered in the dew.

"Ah, foolish one, refrain, refrain,
Or by this slight thy love is slain,"
My dreaming lips had surely cried,
But that the bird, his mistress' wound
Perceiving, such a magic tide
Of sorrow pours that from her s wound
She lifts her head in dear astound,
And back from lily to radiant rose,
Through every true-love tint, her blushing beauty goes.

The Athenaeum.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.*

On the older maps of France St. Jean-Leron may be sought in vain, but a hasty glance at the North Coast of Brittany, on a modern map, will suffice to reveal the name. This is not because the little fishing hamlet has newly sprung into being—many hundreds of years are doubtless interwoven with its existence—it is simply because it has but recently been discovered.

Some twenty years ago, on a lovely spring day, a French marine painter, whose name is forgotten, found a harbor at St. Jean-Leron, and remained there during the summer. He made many studies of storm and of calm, and, his self-imposed exile agreeing with him, he came again the following summer with a group of associates. St. Jean-Leron was in its Age of Innocence. For a mere song the largest room in a fisherman's cabin could be secured for the entire summer. The guests shared their host's fare, with his family joys and sorrows, and the height of material luxury offered was a glass of cider on especially festive occasions.

Whatever might be the cause, St. Jean-Leron suddenly became the fashion. Each year a larger group of artists engaged boarding there. Thrifty fishermen began to enlarge and beautify their cabins. Cider was replaced by wine and cognac, and ere long St. Jean-Leron was completely transformed. Every artist with the least pretensions to talent felt compelled to pass the summer there. The native population forsook its former occupation, for it had speedily been learned that more could be earned in a month through the artists than by a year's

fishing. The spirit of speculation became rife. A variety of shops sprang up, one of them devoted exclusively to the sale of colors, for the new school used a large proportion of these to the area of canvas covered. The natives found they could earn money as models, and certain individuals figured in a countless number of paintings. The Parisian public knew them by heart, as well as every cliff, every gnarled, knotted tree in the vicinity of St. Jean-Leron.

Early each morning the artists began work, opening out their white umbrellas in a long line on the beach. An observer viewing the scene from a distance might well fancy that mushroom culture was being prosecuted on a large scale in the golden sand. All along the line until noon, work proceeded such as a Frenchman can accomplish when winning a name is concerned, or adding lustre to one already won, and picture after picture was made with calm energy. After the noon-day meal, a *dolce far niente* was indulged in, restricted by individual inclination alone. Most of the guests preferred to recline on the parched greensward between the two new eating-houses. Here they enjoyed their coffee, their cognac and their cigarettes, turned over the leaves of the latest novel, and cast envious glances at the fortunate ones who had secured places beneath the shade of the hawthorne tree. This was the only tree on the green, and an attempt had been made to sell rights to its shade for the benefit of the poor-fund. As there was no means of protecting subscribers, the attempt was abandoned, and the shade enjoyed by whomever reached it first.

Some of the group passed the entire afternoon on the green, gazing out at

* Translated for *The Living Age* from the Danish of Sophus Bauditz by Aubertine Woodward Moore.

sea and counting the passing vessels. The younger and more active artists visited the lighthouse on the point, or removing their shoes and stockings waded out in the surf to catch crabs.

The main part of St. Jean-Leron's summer guests still continues to be artists, but there are also other people. In the first place there were always certain professional critics whose sojourn was made profitable by supplying their newspapers with items concerning the doings of the artists, and by learning in advance what was to be exhibited, or declined, at the spring salon, as well as what should be said regarding it—a decided advantage to all concerned.

Occasionally there strayed to St. Jean-Leron wholly foreign elements, usually swayed by a curiosity to behold the spot that had become the centre of the country's art. Among the guests, a few seasons ago, came Mr. Pott, a wealthy English brewer, with his only daughter, Miss Arabella, a blonde Anglo-Saxon beauty, thoroughly lady-like, and very romantic. They had been making "the grand tour," and Miss Arabella, being an art enthusiast, whose own fair hand had filled five sketch-books with water-colors, had induced her father to pass a month at St. Jean-Leron that she might cultivate her talent under the guidance of the greatest master whose services could be secured.

M. Vivace, the critic, who regards himself a sort of Providence for strangers, had at once taken charge of the English father and daughter. He recommended for Miss Arabella, M. Bonton, the most celebrated of the impressionists, an officer of the Legion of Honor, etc., etc. For two guineas a lesson Miss Arabella was now enabled to cultivate her talent. M. Bonton strove to initiate her in the difficult art of applying violet and red where green was to be represented, and *vice versa*. The principle seemed rather singular to her

in the beginning, but she was so indefatigable in her efforts that she succeeded in producing some highly original pictures of whose merits she entertained a modest doubt. Her achievements were loudly praised both by her master and by M. Vivace.

"It is most excellent!" said the latter one day of a sketch of hers supposed to represent the sun rising above the Bay, but which with equal propriety might have passed for a field of ripe grain. "Are you not pleased with it, Mr. Pott?"

Mr. Pott, who was greatly bored by his sojourn at St. Jean-Leron and who, being a zealous Tory, looked askance at all Republican Frenchmen, replied that he did not consider himself a judge.

"I am old-fashioned," he added, "I am best pleased when I can see what a picture is meant to represent."

"*Imbécile!*" muttered M. Bonton, who was present.

"That means idiot," explained the obliging M. Vivace, "but you must not be vexed by it. M. Bonton does not intend any offence. Besides, you know great artists must be allowed freedom of speech."

Mr. Pott turned on his heel and never again permitted himself to be drawn into any discussion of art-themes.

Some days later the *diligence* brought the great M. Bonton a new pupil. It was a young painter from Holland, Adriaen Van Bourgh, one of those people who unite with small talent infinite love of art and profound reverence for its demands. Not having had the good fortune to succeed to his satisfaction at home, and having independent means, he had resolved to seek instruction of one of the art leaders at St. Jean-Leron. M. Vivace promptly took Van Bourgh also under his wing.

"You did well to come here," said the invincible critic. "Whoever expects to be anything must go to France for instruction. Come with me, my young

friend, and let me present you to Bonton and the rest. First we will have breakfast."

M. Vivace and his companion took their seats at a table in the chief dining hall. There sat the celebrities whose names were so familiar to Van Bourgh. The sight was an imposing one to the young stranger. So eager and loud-voiced was the conversation that he alone could hear the whispered comments of the critic.

"The heavily-built man at the lower end of the opposite table is Letort the storm painter."

"I thought he was a marine painter," said Van Bourgh.

"True, he may be called so, but he only paints storms at sea, or gales on the coast. In our day every one who would amount to anything must be a specialist. What specialty do you think of choosing, M. Van Bourgh? Perhaps you have not decided yet. Ah, well, Bonton will advise you. But to return to Letort, it is he who always paints violet. The ignorant masses ascribe it to some irregularity of vision, but, as I demonstrated in an article last year, it is his unusually keen vision that enables him to discern the violet hue embracing all existence, which the rest of us fail to detect.

"The man to the right of Letort is Choiseul the pestilence painter. He has painted the cholera in India and the yellow fever in New Orleans. He reached Siberia too late for the plague. It was most unfortunate. The next three on the same side are Villeroi, Chalet and Gobert. They paint each other, with their wives and children, in their studios, sitting rooms or sleeping apartments. The public can watch the growth of each family, with all changes in household furniture. It is exceedingly interesting.

"Two places beyond them sits Mademoiselle Garbonne the great colorist. It was she who thought of reproducing

the changing hues of dead fish. She has pursued her studies in this line to such an extent that she fairly revels in the various tints of fish in all stages of decay. Last year she paid a fabulous price for the body of a drowned sailor, and made a study of it. You should have seen her coloring. It was grand, I can assure you.

"That is Chot sitting opposite her. He paints only single nude female figures, but his marvellous inventive faculty enables him to vary the designations of his pictures. He calls them now *Truth*, now *Sappho*, now *Chloris*, and two years ago a genial fancy impelled him to enter one of his paintings in the catalogue simply as *Nudit  *. It took immensely. Unluckily there is but one attractive female model in St. Jean-Leron. Little Ang  le and her charms can be recognized at quite a distance.

"The man with long hair is Valencourt. He is renowned for his mellow style. He places such a mass of paint on his canvas that he is said to model in colors. Next to him we have—but we must leave the rest for another time. They are rising from the table, we must seek Bonton."

At the request of the master Van Bourgh produced his studies, but after a hasty survey M. Bonton declared that although they might have passed twenty years ago they were worthless now.

"You must begin at the beginning, my young friend," quoth he, "but do not lose courage. If you work energetically, and learn to see things as they actually appear, all will come right in time."

Strangely enough, it seemed to Van Bourgh that whatever his sketches might lack they gave a better idea of nature than many of the works of celebrated artists. In all modesty he indicated as much to Bonton one day,

saying he thought it must be a peculiarity of the modern school not to depict a landscape as it looked; but his teacher assured him that he was still in the bonds of a narrow-minded past from which he must free himself.

"The multitude must be educated to more correct vision," said he. "We artists see aright—there can be no question of that."

Van Bourgh was silent, but not because he was convinced. The master's authority overpowered him, and he had resolved to persevere, in hopes of acquiring some of the technic for which M. Bonton was universally admired.

Those with whom Van Bourgh felt most at ease were Miss Arabella Pott and her father. He silently admired her, not as an artist but as a woman. She had from the first discovered that there was something extremely attractive about the young Hollander's melancholy expression, and also that there was "something" about his pictures. Mr. Pott, as well, liked Van Bourgh; partly for the negative reason that he was not a Frenchman, partly because his daughter had taken a fancy to him. As a rule, the three sailed out to sea of an afternoon, or made trips to the lighthouse and the ruins of the ancient chapel beyond the Bay.

Meanwhile, Van Bourgh became daily more reserved and melancholy. Bonton shrugged his shoulders at all inquiries regarding the young Hollander's future. As a result, M. Vivace removed his protecting hand from his protégé, and shrugged his shoulders, too, when similar questions were addressed to him.

At breakfast one day conversation turned on the Old and the New in art. One of the artists remarked that it was incomprehensible to him how any one could care for the dingy, time-stained paintings in our museums. Another artist agreed with him in the main essentials, but admitted that the olden-

time artists might have attained great proficiency had they only learned to paint respectably. As it was, he said, their works, although horribly crude, had a certain historic interest.

Van Bourgh flushed, then grew deathly pale. After brief consideration, he said, in loud, clear tones:

"Permit me one question, gentlemen. Is it your honest opinion that the Impressionist school has reached loftier heights than were attained by my distinguished countrymen in their day? Do you not think their pictures reveal a more wholesome understanding of nature, and a greater love for it and for art?"

"Love and understanding!" cried a daring artist. "That sounds like the figurative language of the Old Testament; but we do not make pictures today according to Old Testament ideals."

"Allow me to formulate my question again. Which do you believe ranks the higher, the old Dutch, or the new school?" cried the young Hollander.

"Only a child could ask such a question!" exclaimed M. Vivace. "If Ruissdael, Everdingen, Van de Velde, Dubbels, and whatever you may call these Dutchmen with barbarous names, should appear and demand places for their pictures they would be refused—that is, if their names were unknown. A name can open any door."

The last sentence met with the marked approval of some young artists whose work had been rejected. Van Bourgh, on the contrary, sprang to his feet, struck a violent blow on the table, and cried in a voice thrilling with the savage pathos of long-suppressed bitterness:

"I, with my profound love of art and limited ability, have been naïve enough to believe that what I lacked could be acquired, and that those who desired to pursue art seriously should make a pilgrimage to St. Jean-Leron. I am now

convinced of my error. What I lack is the main essential, and the hungry who come here seeking bread are offered a stone. In the place of true art you set up sham technic, you know nothing of the spirit which giveth life. Yet you think you have advanced beyond artists of the older school. Heaven help you, if a Ruisdael, or a Willem Van de Velde should arise from the grave and paint a picture to be hung in the midst of yours. No one would look at your pictures in the presence of such a model. Do you think your paintings will hang in museums a hundred years hence? No; they will be sold at auction with other rubbish. The only thing about them that may possibly retain any value is their handsome frames."

Van Bourgh resumed his seat with the air of a man who was both relieved and astonished that he had at length found utterance for what had long lain heavily on his heart. Miss Arabella gave him a look of shy admiration.

A painful pause ensued.

M. Vivace, whose business it was to defend the new school, finally broke the silence by asking Van Bourgh if he knew that his remarks were an "infamy" against the French artist community.—No, Van Bourgh had certainly not so intended it.—Yes, but it was, nevertheless. M. Vivace felt compelled to ask M. Van Bourgh to take back his words.—That he could not do, for he had meant all he had said.—Then M. Van Bourgh must pardon M. Vivace if in the course of the day a couple of friends should wait on him.

"I shall be at home during the entire day," replied Van Bourgh, and left the table.

The next morning early the duel took place, in the vicinity of the lighthouse. Small swords were the weapons chosen. Mr. Pott had promptly offered his services as Van Bourgh's second, and M. Bonton, who was good nature itself,

overlooking his pupil's ingratitude, had offered himself likewise.

The Hollander, who lacked the practice of his French opponent, received a serious chest wound in the first round, and the accompanying surgeon had insisted that he should be conveyed to the nearest town, where there was an excellent hospital. An ambulance was summoned, and M. Van Bourgh was borne away, suffering greatly and apparently delirious. As he was driven away, he made a menacing gesture toward St. Jean-Leron, muttering something to the effect that he was himself too insignificant to pursue the fight, but there would be sport indeed if one of the great Ones should appear. There was of course no sense in what he said.

The greatest sensation connected with Van Bourgh's removal to the hospital arose from the fact that Miss Arabella Pott, braving public opinion, followed the wounded man, in company with her father, and established herself as his nurse.

"He is a stranger, and we are strangers," said she, with that quiet decision of hers so much admired by her father. "It is but just that we should help each other, especially in the case of a hero who has fallen for his honest convictions."

M. Vivace remained the hero of the day. The duel was his twenty-first, and all St. Jean-Leron united in the opinion that he had avenged his country's honor and the dignity of the Impressionists. The day was commemorated by a champagne dinner, but while the company still lingered over the coffee, the storm that had been gathering in the forenoon increased to such an extent that every one was drawn to the beach. Letort, the storm painter, reached there first, and directly after him Mademoiselle Garbonne.

"A confounded fine nose that lady has!" remarked M. Vivace. "She scents a dead body far in advance of its ap-

pearance. No doubt this gale will drive to land a variety of decayed *frutti di mare*."

Finding shelter beneath some overhanging cliffs, the group watched the waves lashing the rocks and counted the sails in the horizon. As the dusk approached some one proposed going home, and most of the company were about to heed the suggestion when M. Vivace exclaimed:

"See yonder brig, or whatever the vessel may be! It is steering directly this way."

"What, in among the rocks? Then it is lost."

"How strange it looks."

"It is the Flying Dutchman."

"Beware, Vivace! It comes to call you to account."

Thus the merry sallies flew to and fro. Finally one of the older marine painters, who knew more about hulk and rigging than the rest, said:

"The sails are more like those of Tromp and Ruyter than anything I have ever seen. To be sure, it is growing so dark I can scarcely see, and I must be mistaken."

The vessel steered directly toward the coast, and while the watchers breathlessly awaited the moment that would see it dashed to pieces against the blind skerry beyond the lighthouse, it was suddenly cast back by the wind. Directly it was seen to put out a boat. Dark though it was growing, the large vessel could still be discerned like a black speck raised aloft on the white-crested waves for an instant, only to disappear in the trough of the sea. As the boat drew nearer a large, heavily-built man was discovered at the helm, calmly and securely guiding it to the harbor where the lighthouse keeper's wherry lay. A moment later the boat was putting out to sea again without the steersman. With apparently superhuman strength it was rowed through the breakers, against wind and tide,

and happily reached the brig, which had again become visible. Anchor was weighed, sails unfurled, and in a trice the apparition had disappeared.

"It is time for us to go home," said Letort. "The Evil One has the Flying Dutchman in his clutches."

The next morning M. Vivace found a stranger sitting alone at the breakfast table, sipping a glass of bock. He was so distinguished-looking that even M. Vivace hesitated about approaching him. As the eminent critic observed later, he had the appearance of one who had dropped down from the seventeenth century. Still one is a journalist, or one is not, thought M. Vivace, and politely accosting the stranger, he began:

"I do not remember—"

"Nor do I!" was the rejoinder.

"No, we have not met. Permit me to present myself. I am—"

Here followed a brief self-characterization which did not place M. Vivace in the worst possible light.

"My name is Willem Van de Vrede," said the stranger, with a slight inclination of the head.

"Ah, a Hollander."

"Yes."

"We had a countryman of yours here recently, a marine painter."

"That is what I am."

"Ah, indeed. You come too late to meet your young countryman. He encountered a slight mischance, and I was the unfortunate cause. I trust it will not mar our friendly relations."

"Not at all."

"I am delighted you are so free from prejudice, M. Van de Vrede. May I ask when you arrived?"

"Last evening."

"Surely it was not you who was put ashore near the lighthouse?"

"It was I."

"Let me assure you that was a most daring deed."

"I have been much at sea, and I

greatly prefer sailing to driving."

"That I can understand. Still it was a daring deed. Allow me to inquire if you have come to perfect yourself in—"

"Sir?"

"That is—I mean—do you intend to make studies here?"

"I do. I have heard so much about St. Jean-Leron, I thought I should like to see it for myself, and perhaps paint something."

"Very flattering to the place! I do not know whether I dare offer my assistance, but if there should be anything—"

"I shall be pleased to avail myself of your courtesy."

With this the stranger moved away, leaving M. Vivace completely overawed. He certainly had heard nothing of Willem Van de Vrede, but he was convinced that a man with so lofty a bearing must be a person of distinction. That same evening he sent an article to his paper announcing that the celebrated Dutch marine painter would pass some time at St. Jean-Leron, and describing the great man's personality together with the main characteristics of his art.

During the ensuing days M. Vivace was always to be found in the wake of the Dutch artist. He presented him to all the celebrities, emphasized their specialties, and exhibited their paintings. Van de Vrede accepted every attention with a calm, imperturbable countenance, giving vent to an occasional "Hm!" which admitted of sundry interpretations.

"These Hollanders do not say much," said M. Vivace, apologetically, to his countrymen, "but they think all the more."

At the end of a week, Van de Vrede took his place on the beach, a little apart from the others, and began to paint. As soon as he was well under way M. Vivace made his appearance.

"Will you allow me?" he asked.

"Certainly, if you wish," replied the Dutch artist, and the critic approached.

"Ah, this is highly interesting. You have your paints in skins instead of tubes, according to the custom of the olden times. How original!"

"I am accustomed to it, and what one is accustomed to—"

"I understand perfectly. May I inquire what your specialty is?"

"The sea," was the laconic reply.

"Yes, I know. What I meant was, do you paint storm or calm, the coast or the open sea, vessels in a gale or—"

"Hitherto I have succeeded with one as well as the other. At present, as you probably observe, I am painting a portion of the coast, with the sea in gentle motion, precisely as it has appeared during the past few days."

"May I ask if this is a commission?"

"It is not. I have thought of exhibiting the picture at next year's salon, but as I cannot well be in Paris at the time I shall ask you to do me the favor to see to the proper announcements and placing."

"I should be most happy, but—"

"Your trouble shall not be in vain. I am rich, and if there is anything I can do for you—"

The stranger had so superior an air that M. Vivace promptly decided that he must have both influence and the habit of using it. He therefore hastened to interpose:

"My dear M. Van de Vrede, I beg of you not to speak so. I have always been greatly interested in modern Dutch art. I have written about it, and have meant to lecture on it. Indeed, to be frank, I have already done so much for Holland that I have had reason to expect some public recognition of my services. It is not that I place any particular value on being decorated with an order—what enlightened man does, in the present day?—but we all live in a world that does care, M. Van de Vrede. I once warmly

supported a young German artist, and the Grand Duke of Gerolstein honored me with a cross of the order of the violet leaf, which, as you are doubtless aware, is only granted for actual merit. I place no great importance on the decoration, but I may safely assert that the Netherland oak-crown has often been given to people deserving it less than I. If it be not too indiscreet, I should—"

"Whatever influence I possess shall be used to the best possible advantage," said the stranger, and that evening the critic wrote a long article on modern Dutch art.

In the course of a couple of weeks Van de Vrede had completed his picture. The few who saw it spoke of it in terms of complete indifference. It was an ordinary picture, it was said, without *chic* and without effect. Such bald reproduction of nature was quite out of date in our day.

One fine day, the Dutch artist disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. Before he left he had arranged with M. Vivace that his picture was to be hung in the spring, if possible, among the French marines from St. Jean-Leron. This would be quite proper, since it had been painted there, and it would interest Van de Vrede to learn how his work compared with the French.

The winter came and went. Thanks to the self-sacrificing care of Miss Arabella Pott, Adriaen Van Bourgh was wholly restored to health, and had plucked up his courage to inform that young lady that he loved her. She had replied to his declaration with the blushing confession that she had long cherished similar sentiments for him. Mr. Pott had given them his blessing, and they had become husband and wife.

M. Vivace, overjoyed with the hope of hanging the Netherland oak-crown beside the grand ducal violet leaf, had

conscientiously fulfilled his obligations to Willem Van de Vrede, and in compliance with his express wish the Dutch painting was hung among the St. Jean-Leron marines.

Poor M. Vivace! He was doomed to pay dearly for this. Was it witchcraft, or what was it made everything in the vicinity of the Hollander's picture seem flat, stale and unprofitable? Was it mere chance, or was it due to some mystic appliance—a varnish, perchance, whose preparation was a secret—that all the light seemed to centre on the stranger's painting, while everything about it seemed to remain in the shade. How could the phenomenon be explained that this quiet picture, with its unpretending motive, possessed the power of drawing all eyes to itself? Visitors would stand in front of it, and say: "How like real water! You can almost smell the sea air." Of the other pictures they would ask what in the world they were meant to represent.

A great commotion arose in the ranks of the artists, and there was a unanimous demand for the removal of the disturbing picture. Not until this was accomplished was peace restored. Once more Letort's storms became incomparable, and people ceased to be scandalized because no one could tell what Bonton's *Sunrise* was meant to represent by merely looking at it.

The artists refused to believe in the innocence of M. Vivace, and freely poured on him the vials of their wrath. It was whispered that the Dutch painting which bore the initials W. Van de V., was a genuine *Willem Van de Velde*, that had been falsely represented as the work of a modern artist. Poor M. Vivace protested in vain that he had seen it produced by a genuine flesh and blood Dutchman.

He was compelled to give up his art-criticism and turn his attention to the theatre.

Up to the present date he has been unable to solve the mystery surrounding the picture. That the old Dutch painter Willem Van de Velde actually came sailing to St. Jean-Leron, in the "Flying Dutchman," to avenge his young countryman, M. Vivace, is, of course, too enlightened to suppose.

The strangest part of the story is that the picture, after passing through the hands of several art dealers, was recently sold, at an exorbitant price, to the Berlin Museum, where it is unhesitatingly exhibited as an original *Willem Van de Velde*.

WITH THE CAMEL-POST TO DAMASCUS.

When I saw Moussa I understood what the American Consul meant when he spoke of a driver's face. I had called on the Consul a few days before with Khaled, the camel-dealer, who supplies the Turkish post with dromedaries for the journey between Baghdad and Damascus. At the time I was under the impression that Khaled was to accompany me across the desert; but the Consul knew better. "That is not a driver's face," he said.

Now Moussa's was unquestionably a driver's face. It was like an old coffee-colored parchment. The heavy brow was furrowed and pitted with years of exposure to the fiery heat of August and the fierce cold of January nights in the Syrian desert; the grizzled hair of his cheeks matted his face almost to the eyes; his beard might have been a sprig of withered tamarisk bush; his eyes, neither expectant nor reminiscent, infinitely patient, infinitely resigned, were cast from long habit on the skyline. Moussa and the camel are inseparably connected in my memory. When I used to wake in the desert from dreaming of some English garden or crowded city, I would peer out of my sheepskins to see the camel's arched neck framing a starry ring of sky with head posed so motionless that were it not for a slight twitching of the mouth you would think the patient beast asleep. My thoughts turned instinc-

tively to Moussa. The old man would be nursing his beaked coffee-pot over the scanty embers of a thorn-bush fire, as patient as fate. He looked like one who had been devoted from his youth to a great trust in which his life centered. I cannot remember ever having seen Moussa or the camel asleep. Moussa never looked quite comfortable when out of the saddle; the jogging swing of the camel was second nature to him, and I have no doubt that he would have suffered extreme discomfort in an easy chair. The old man was plainly clad in long black boots, a very dilapidated, weather-worn sheepskin cloak, and a brown hood clasped with a simple black *aagal*,¹ all of which seemed quite insufficient against the icy winds that after sunset sweep across the desert from Lebanon. Relics of brass buttons and an edging of red braid revealed that there had been some pretence of a uniform. As might be expected, his figure was slightly bent, and his gait a rather difficult shambling; but he never lost his peculiar Arab dignity, which was heightened perhaps by the burden of his trust and the memory of that longer journey of his youth to the prophet's tomb at Mecca. At least such were my impressions of Haji Moussa, the old man who, in Oriental parlance, was my father

¹ A cord of wool or goat-hair worn round the head to secure the turban.

and my mother during the long ride over the desert from Baghdad to Damascus. I obeyed him in all things implicitly, as one does the captain of a ship. His attitude was paternal enough to make me feel a child again and wonder if I had been good at the end of each day. Life in the desert with Moussa was so new and unaccustomed.

We left Baghdad one morning early in January, much the coldest time of the year in the valleys of Mesopotamia. The puddles in the lanes which led out of the city wore a thin coat of ice, and there was hoar frost on the ground. To protect myself against the cold, as well as to disguise my European identity, I had purchased a heavy sheepskin coat in the Baghdad bazaars, and wore over my deer-stalking cap a Bedouin turban fastened with the customary black *aagal*. When one has passed beyond the Euphrates valley into the lawless Bedouin country, the precaution is very necessary, though in my case it proved ineffectual.

We started without the post. It was to follow in the evening and pick us up before we reached Hitt on the Euphrates, whence we struck off into the desert of Palmyra. We travelled very slowly that first day, and an hour before sunset we turned off the track to some shepherds' huts on the left, where Moussa was warmly welcomed. Moussa laid my quilt between the camel-bags on the leeward side of a low thorn fence which sheltered the Arabs' rude goat-hair tents. I was not a little surprised to find that he intended to sleep here, though I expected to be roused every minute. In the middle of the night a little twelve-hand rat of a pony arrived, panting and neighing, laden with the mails and a second postman, and escorted by two Zaptiehs, privates of the Turkish military police. In my imaginings I had pictured the famous post, half a score of men splendidly mount-

ed, galloping across country with the mails, attended by a large escort, relays every twenty miles up to the Euphrates, then a hurried transfer to the fast-trotting dromedaries ready harnessed on the further bank, and the terrible, ceaseless ride of eight days and nights over the parched desert of Damascus. The reality fell ludicrously short of my dreams. For two days this poor little spent pony struggled in our wake, and we made short stages, travelling slowly to enable it to keep up with us. I used to sit on the mails to drink my coffee, and when the bags gaped too ominously, Moussa would patch them up with his darning needle.

It was not until the fourth morning after leaving Baghdad that we first sighted Hitt. We spent half a day there. Then the ride began in earnest, and I found that all the difficulties of the way were crowded into that forced march over the Palmyra desert; and the motive of this furious haste and the consequent hardships and fatigue of the journey was not to expedite the post, as I had imagined, but, for the sake of man and camel, to curtail so far as possible the passage of the inhospitable wilderness between the Euphrates valley and the mountains of Anti-Lebanon. When we reached the first pasturage of Syria by the village of Doumeir, Moussa became more dilatory than ever. The conveyance of the mails seemed to cause him no anxiety. For my own part I was glad of these delays, as the slow camel-riding had given me an acute pain in the small of my back. One gets used to the motion in time, when the muscles are hardened and accustomed, but it was a great relief to become inured to it gradually. It was also very pleasant to sit round the fire with Moussa's friends, smoking and drinking coffee, listening to their chaff and trying to understand it. The *seringhi* was often the theme of conversation; though there was none

of the rude and inquisitive scrutiny of person and paraphernalia which is so annoying in the further East. The simple shepherd-folk were perfect gentlemen, courteous, dignified, hospitable, independent. Moussa was evidently a great favorite and well-known to wayfarer and *fellaheen*. After the evening meal of rice, dates and *khobes*,² the strong coffee and the strong tobacco and the fatigues of the day would have their effect, and I would lie back in my sheepskin and warm Persian quilt and listen to the talk, until the forms by the fire became more indistinct, the strange voices more meaningless, and the two camels, who seemed to watch over us all, more and more unreal. When I woke in the night there they were still, their black eyes fixed above us and beyond us on the starry skyline, patient, motionless, expressionless, unintelligent, unintelligible as the Sphinx. I remember but one lapse from this impassiveness born of the desert. One night as I was making my bed my poor beast, suffering from days of hunger and thirst, swung his head round, detached my pillow and began demurely to chew it. Moussa spoke a few plain words, reproachfully, as an elder brother might, and gently took the pillow away.

On the morning of the fourth day, on the summit of a sandhill, we first sighted Hitt. In the far distance wreaths of dense, black smoke issuing from the vicinity of a lofty, chimney-like tower offered the incongruous suggestion of a manufacturing town in the Midlands. Instinctively we drove our camels on at a fast trot, until the little post-pony became a diminutive dot in our rear. As we approached nearer, Hitt revealed itself, a walled city built on a low hill, with its rows of serried housetops giving it the appearance of

one huge battlemented fortress dominated by a single towering minaret; for the chimney proved a minaret, and the smoke rose from the bitumen-wells outside the city. We had to wait our time on the Euphrates bank, while the great oblong ferry-boats plied across the stream, heavily laden with flocks of sheep and goats and asses. The scene by the river-bank suggested a people in migration; horses were neighing, asses braying, camels gurgling, sheep bleating, and herdsmen shouting. In this medley Moussa was hailed by many acquaintances. The old man was so respected that we had no occasion to wait our turn. So soon as we could persuade the kicking, struggling, protesting camels to embark, the post was added to our burden and we took leave of my friend, the belated carrier of mails.

A few minutes after noon we were entering Hitt by the north gate. The little city is so compact that you would think there was not possibly room for a camel; the butt of Moussa's old blunderbuss, which was packed securely underneath the camel-bags, rattled against the wall as we ascended the street, and the bags jammed uncomfortably at the corners. We drew up in a narrow, tortuous alley at the house of one of Moussa's friends. A room was cleared for me and a fire lit on the floor. It was the only occasion that we slept under a roof. I would have much preferred the open desert; for our quarters, though no doubt the cleanest in the city, compared unfavorably with any old disused limekiln or ruined caravanseral. Luckily it was not the season for vermin.

Hitt is the dirtiest, unsavoriest, sleep-fest and most biblical-looking city I have ever seen. There is hardly breathing-room in the narrow winding alleys that run down to the river-bank. One has to edge along the walls to avoid the contamination of the open sewers

² Bread generally made by kneading a cake of dough on the convex surface of a metal plate heated over the fire.

of the street, which poison the air the year through, until an occasional winter shower washes the noisome filth and offal into the river where the women go to fill their pitchers. The houses are dark and windowless, unrelieved by the picturesque gables which lend their charm to the purlieus of Baghdad and Damascus. Where doors are opened to admit the impurer air of the streets, one catches a glimpse sometimes of families stabled together in rooms half choked with smoke, chimneyless except for the insufficient aperture in the roof. The most astonishing feature of the place is that the streets show traces of having once been paved with bitumen. The mystery of these incredible evidences of a past civilization is explained by the wells outside the south gate, whose dense fumes, when the wind blows from that quarter, envelop the city in a suffocating cloud, which must act as a wholesome disinfectant. Thus, no doubt, is the city saved from the ravages of disease. It is a relief to follow the continuous stream of half-veiled women, who glide noiselessly down the street to the Euphrates bank. The river is dammed in the centre to direct the current against the huge, unwieldy water-wheels, which revolve slowly in the arches of great stone-work piers built half across the stream. The water is caught in small earthen jars attached to the palm-leaf flanges and emptied into an elevated drain which is distributed in a thousand little runnels over the palm-gardens. I have seen water-wheels in Cambodia constructed on identically the same plan. Many of the piers are ruined and unrepared, and the huge, creaking frames, doomed to pursue unceasingly their purposeless revolutions, add vastly to the quaint picturesqueness of a scene strikingly characteristic of Oriental ineptitude, and eloquent of the pathetic aimlessness of a people crusted with the conservatism of cen-

turies. North and south the city is fringed with palm-gardens, now suffused with the soft, violet haze of sunset; eastward lies the Euphrates, and westward stretch the interminable solitudes of the Palmyra desert. There lies my path. As I ascend the winding street to Moussa's lodging, I am seized with a burning eagerness to be on the road, to explore the best and worst of the desert, and to become inured to its hardships as quickly as I may. The twelve hours' stay in this walled city was very galling. I hated this enforced dallying on the brink; but the custom of the East is obdurate.

It was with a feeling of awe that I led my camel down the street the next morning in the chill gray before dawn. Neither Moussa nor I spoke a word. We mounted silently and urged our camels at once into a fast trot. Looking back I saw Hitt haloed by the glory of the rising sun. Thick clouds hung over it, flecked with fire like the skirts of smoke above a great conflagration. Then the track dipped down into a hollow and we passed between low sandhills on either side, left the last palm-fringed village to the north, and rode contentedly into the illimitable desolation beyond. The sense of the desert was upon me, the embracing, soothing spirit of unconfinedness, as we rode on to woo the solitude and peace of those boundless wastes, too real, too awful for monotony.

We made a halt at sundown to cook rice for the evening meal; then on again into the darkness. After sunset we used to rein into a walk, the camel's most uncomfortable pace, and Moussa would take my rein, guiding himself by the stars through these dark, moonless nights. By some mysterious instinct he kept the beasts to the track. Hour after hour we rode on, until time seemed an eternity; a cold breeze swept the desert, and in spite of my wrappings and sheepskin the wind bit icily.

After several hours I became half numbed and unconscious, until I fancied myself swimming at sea, breasting the billows of an illimitable ocean; then again I was a boat in tow, as with every swinging step of my camel a little wave of wind broke against my face and chilled me to the bone. I would wake myself with an effort from this unhealthy state of torpor, for it was a long drop from the saddle to the ground, and in the desert a broken limb is little short of death. So we rode on silently, speechlessly, threading the darkness of the night, until I felt my beast stop, just as a boat grazes the welcome shore, and Moussa was alongside of me, with quaint sounds bidding the beasts kneel. The bliss of that moment was unspeakable. Then we built our house, the bags to windward of us, the warm wall of a camel on either side; and above us the stars. But still in my half-consciousness I was being propelled against the resistless waves, and for weeks an imponderable presence was driving me on over that desert sea to Scham, haunting my sleep and interpenetrating my dreams.

It was on the second day after leaving Hitt that we fell in with the Bedouin. We had marked the low black tents of an encampment the evening before, far on the northern horizon, and early that morning we had met two men on the track, who must have taken word to the Sheikh that there was a *feringhi* with the post. We had been riding for some hours, and it must have been nearly noon when I noticed that Moussa was beckoning to me and pointing over his back. I turned and saw some dim objects bearing down upon us from the horizon. As I drew my camel closer up to his, Moussa whispered hoarsely, "Bedou, Bedou!" and placing a finger on his lip he drew the wrist of his right hand ominously across his throat, grimly indicative of

our possible fate if I said a word or showed any resistance. They were on us in an instant. Two ruffianly-looking men leapt from the first camel and seized our reins, motioning to us to dismount. They immediately began rifling our bags. The second camel brought two more on the scene, better featured and of more dignified bearing than the first. A third followed, and its rider, an altogether superior-looking man, evidently the Sheikh of the tribe, greeted us with the customary *Salaam Aleikoum*. The contrast between him and his followers was very marked. It was hard to believe that they were of the same race; for I have seldom seen two more villanous, murderous-looking ruffians than our first assailants. As the Sheikh rode up they ceased ransacking the camel-bags and began gorging themselves on a bag of dates and *khobes*, which they devoured rapaciously.

During this scene Moussa began to busy himself with lighting a fire and boiling coffee. He affected the attitude of a host, resigning himself graciously to the entertainment of importunate guests. Meanwhile I had been engaged in examining the Bedouins' property, which comprised a rifle by an English maker, with Martini-Henri action, sighted up to five thousand yards, a rather antiquated Snider, and a hare which had been caught in a noose. Neither of the rifles was loaded; they travel light, these Bedouin, and ride hard. On the arrival of the Sheikh I thought it best to assume indifference, so joining the group by the fire I passed round my tobacco-pouch and smoked the pipe of peace, too polite and considerate to object to the entertainment of Moussa's friends. The conversation naturally turned on myself. Moussa told them that I had come to Basra from over the sea and was bound for Stamboul. When they asked if I could speak Arabic, he replied that I only knew the words for hot water and

Damascus, which was untrue; I owe Moussa a grudge for that speech, but it raised a laugh. I had never seen the old man so jocular. As he ejaculated the word for hot water he nudged me and kicked the kettle with his foot, then pointing along the track to Damascus, he muttered the words "Scham, Scham," whereat the Bedouin laughed more than ever, which was not reassuring. I left Moussa to play the cards; he was a good actor and knew his audience. I smiled unintelligently at his jest, pretending not to understand a word. Moussa's voice was always a mild protest, but now it seemed more gently protesting than ever; as I looked at him he seemed to me to become more aged and reverent, almost pathetic in his confidence and trustfulness in the goodness of human nature and of Bedouin nature in particular. I felt that the Sheikh wished himself well out of the business when Moussa handed him the coffee. I even began to have hopes that our acting might prove a reality, and that, owing to Moussa's tact, we, the tolerant hosts, might be allowed to go on our way after parting amicably from our uninvited guests. But soon the conversation took dangerous ground. It was a question of toll; Moussa was explaining to them about my letter of credit, and they were incredulous or pretended to be so. They demanded ransom; Moussa protested; they insisted. Their voices grew higher and more menacing; but Moussa bowed his head sadly and I knew that he was saying: "The *feringhi* has got no money. How can I give you gold?" Then at a sign from the Sheikh one of his rascally followers mounted my camel and rode off. The others followed, and Moussa and I were left alone. As the Bedouin rode away, to use the words of a certain war-correspondent, I wished that I had never seen a camel, nor the desert, nor the light of day.

We piled the mails and all our kit on the back of one laden dromedary, and started walking, very dejectedly and disconsolately, back towards Baghdad. I led the camel, and the old man shambled behind. He spoke but one word, "Bahgdad," dwelling on the guttural with such a bitter deep-drawn sigh, that I remember wondering at the time how anybody could dream of spelling the word without the *h*.

The Bedouin rode on ahead, and in less than an hour's time they had disappeared into the horizon towards the encampment we had marked the night before. I felt that we had not seen the last of them. It was a dismal procession, Moussa and I and the camel. The old man walked with difficulty, but after a while I persuaded him to mount. My mind was chiefly occupied in calculating how many days it would take us to reach Hitt, and in picturing the ignominious return to Baghdad. I dreaded more than anything the insincere condolences of all the people who could say, "I told you so;" the bitterest part of all was that they really had told me so. If the Bedouin were trying to force my hand they had succeeded, for I would have given them all my possessions then, if they would only give me back the camel, with just enough food to take me through to Damascus, and clothes enough to prevent me from perishing with cold on the way. I knew that the Turkish Government subsidized the sheikhs of the tribes to allow the post an unmolested passage through their country. That is why the mails are entrusted to a single old man. An escort would be useless against such odds; or at least any escort whose expenses would not be unreasonably disproportionate to the end in view. The Bedouin know this. Their security is unassailable; they may plunder and pillage, but no vengeance can overtake them. The Turkish Government does not hold itself

responsible for any chance wayfarer who may accompany the post, and they would never attempt to send a punitive force into the desert. The only way in which they can avenge an outrage is by seizing any member of a suspected tribe who may venture near Hitt or Damascus to purchase camp-necessaries in the bazaars; but that is a very slight hold, as these nomad people might be hundreds of miles away before news of an outrage could reach the Turkish authorities in Baghdad. After all, the only protection one has in the desert is the good nature of the Bedouin themselves. The worst of them will generally leave a traveller enough food to carry him to the nearest place of safety. They have been known to take a good dromedary and give in exchange an inferior beast of their own; in Damascus there is a story of a traveller who arrived in his shirt, but it is several years since a European has accompanied the post. The Bedouin of the Palmyra desert will never kill unless resistance is shown. I was warned of this, and had hidden my revolver in the very bottom of my portmanteau. Moussa carried a useless old blunderbuss through the safe and populous valley of the Euphrates, but having no wish to present it to the Bedouin he left it behind at Hitt. The old man proved my salvation, as I am going to tell.

We had been walking the best part of two hours when we sighted the Bedouin again on our left. They had dismounted by a small pool of water, and as we drew nearer they called out to us to join them. I was for going on, but Haji Moussa decreed otherwise, and I obeyed him in all things. Up to this moment I had felt little anxiety for my personal safety. I had expected to be searched and robbed, perhaps even to be stripped to the shirt, but I felt confident that I need fear no violence if I kept a cool head and a con-

trol over my temper; but as we approached the Bedouin a second time it occurred to me that they might have held counsel together and decided that, since they had stolen one valuable dromedary, it might be better to provide against news of the incident reaching Baghdad. The situation was a little difficult. We formed another ring, but this time there was no fire, nor coffee, nor play-acting. Moussa was protesting, expostulating, entreating. He told them that the camel was his own, that he was a poor old man and a *haji*, and that the *feringhi* had no money. During this scene he concealed in his mouth two English sovereigns, which I had given him when we first sighted the Bedouin; it was all the money I carried. Meanwhile I listened as before, an interested and unintelligent spectator. I could see that Moussa was convincing the Sheikh about my letter of credit. The Sheikh's manner reassured me; and the disappointed, baffled expression of his two sinister-looking dependents reassured me still more. The two others who completed the group were of the same type as the Sheikh, and seemed to reflect his every mood, which was also reassuring. At last my two portmanteaus and bag were brought forward and searched. The Sheikh presided with scrupulous politeness, for all the world like an officer in the Marseilles custom-house. He passed his hand lightly over everything, taking care not to disarrange the packing. All my European kit, dress-clothes, shirts, collars, ties, and articles of toilet were passed, and my revolver escaped notice at the bottom of the bag. I was travelling very light. The Sheikh appropriated an Arab turban cloth, but he was much too considerate to deprive me of any articles of European fashion; he had no hankering after curiosities. The provisions were calculated and apportioned; his men fell on their share rapaciously, like

dogs; and then we were allowed enough to continue on our way. But which was our way? That was the question I was burning to answer; the weary trudge on foot to Hitt and the ignominy of the return by caravan road to Baghdad, or the long desert ride to Damascus, the now almost impossible goal of my desires? I was not held long in doubt. The Sheikh with a wave of his hand signified that the inspection was over. Moussa loaded both camels and motioned me to mount; then with a *Salaam Aleikoum* he bade the Bedouin godspeed, and turned his camel's head to Damascus. At the same moment the Bedouin mounted and rode away in the opposite direction. They had tried to force my hand, and found that I held no cards.

As we rode on Moussa lifted his open palms to Allah and laughed. There was no merriment in the sound; it was rather the laugh of a man whose smiles mark epochs in his existence. For a moment his face was transfigured; the brows lifted, the white teeth flashed a revelation and closed; it was like the opening and shutting of a prophetic book.

So we rode on side by side to Damascus, over the boundless desolation: bleak, undulating plain and rocky ravine, barren sandhills and interminable stretches of yellow, brown, and gray,

gray, brown, and yellow. Sometimes a startled hare would cross our path, or a flock of desert wheatear; but often we would ride on for hours, spanning horizon after horizon without view of living thing, through tracts too starved and desolate to lend a niggard sustenance to the scant thorn-bush. We were riding in the early morning when the sun rose, and the brown earth glowed beneath us, a burnished plain, and a thousand little spearheads glistened and glistened as they caught the rays. We were riding through the day, and at sunset when the violet screen faded in the west, and through the long hours of night until the seventh star of the Plough had climbed high above the skyline. So we rode on for six days after the Bedouin left us, only halting an hour for our morning and evening meal, and six hours at night to snatch a welcome sleep; until one morning I woke to find the mountains of Damascus heaped around us, and to hear in the distance the tinkle of a sheep-bell. Then we urged on our spent camels to the Arab paradise of Scham. The sense of life grew upon us slowly; but when our hearts were warmed by the surprise of the first tree, and the unimaginable delight of fresh, green grass and flowers and running water, Moussa broke into song; and I wondered, for these things were miracles in my eyes.

Edmund Candler.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THEN AND NOW.—THE NORTH DOWNS, 1899.

Have you not heard of the road that we long ago travell'd
with Chaucer,

Here on the Pilgrim's Way, spanning the length of the
Downs?

Have you not seen these yew's, still green in their secular
glory,

Marking the course of the route—older than Edward the
Third?

Then and Now.—The North Downs, 1899.

Well, we are with them now, on the height that faces St.
Martha's,

Thus on a summer eve watching the sunset awhile;
Watching the golden moon, as she rises afar to the eastward.
Over the Silent Pool, over the hollows of Shere.
Look toward the crest of the hills, to the south, where breezes
of ocean

Blow from the Sussex Weald, savoring still of the sea;
Look to the north, far down, where sheep-bells heard in the
valley

Tell of an order'd peace, safe in some sheltering farm:
Yes, 'tis a noble view! But more than the beauty of Nature,
More than the things we see, lives in this quiet around;
Years that are gone long ago, and centuries dead and de-
parted,

Rise through our searching souls into their places again.
Ah, what a long, long line of lofty and storied emotion
Glow through those gaunt old trees, out of a far-away
world!

Surely we once heard Mass, even we, in that grand gray
chapel?

Surely we rode past here, sauntering on to the shrine?
Surely we went in array from the "Tabard" with bluff Harry
Bailey,

Laughing and loitering on, right to the banks of the Stour?
Yes, we have done all that; content with an outward devotion,
Kissing the sacred bones, offering jewels and gold;
Then, with a sigh of relief, with a boyish and airy enjoyment,
Cantering gaily away, happy and shriven, and whole.

But—what is this? We are here, with another century closing,
Here on the height once more: this is a Pilgrimage too!
For we are moving along, not leisurely now, nor together,

But with our hot fierce hearts hurried and hostile and hard:
Pilgrims—and where is the shrine, the ultimate goal of our
journey?

Where is our place of rest? Where is the saint we adore?
Not on the banks of Stour, for the tomb of à Becket is wasted;

Gone are the sacred bones, gone are the jewels and gold:
Gone? Aye, and well may they go! We are not now boys,
to revere them;

We are mature sad men, born to an elderly age;

Struggling and stumbling along, with fervid frantic en-
deavor,

Each in his own wild way seeking a shrine of his own.

Fools! When the thing we seek needs never a journey to
find it;

Fools! When the pearl of price gleams at our own fireside;
Fools, when the God of our health is as ready as ever to
guide us,

Still in the same old words telling us what to adore!

For He is with us now: in the simpler creed of St. Martha's,
Or in the open air, vibrating yet to His word;

With us, around and above; in the snows and the tempests
of winter,

And when the greening turf brightens and blooms into spring:

And in the summer days, in the lovelier leafage of autumn;

And in His own still voice, everywhere calling us Home.

The Spectator.

Arthur Munby.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE BODY.

In a discussion of this question the first necessity, of course, is as clear an understanding as may be of the meaning of the terms which we are to use, and especially of that of our central concept, disease. I say advisedly "as clear as may be," for the idea is one of notoriously difficult definition, and the attempts that have been made at it are for the most part more or less self-confessed failures. The one thing which seems to be made clear by a study of these is that the concept is in no sense an essential one, but purely relative; that the essence of disease consists, not in either the kind or the degree of the process concerned, but only in its relations to the general balance of activities of the organism, to its "resulting in discomfort, inefficiency, or danger," as one of our best-known definitions has it. Disease, then, is not absolute, but purely relative; there is no single tissue-change, no group even of changes or of symptoms, of which we can say, "this is essentially morbid, this is everywhere and at all times disease." Our attainment of any clear view of the essential nature of disease was for a long time hindered, and is even still to some degree clogged, by the standpoint from which we necessarily approached and still approach it, not for the study of the disease itself, but for the relief of its urgent symptoms.

Disease presents itself as an enemy to attack, in the concrete form of a patient to be cured, and our best efforts were for centuries almost wasted in blind, and often irrational, attempts to remove symptoms in the shortest possible time, with the most powerful remedies at our disposal, often without any adequate knowledge whatever of the nature of the underlying condition whose symptoms we were combating, or any suspicion that these might be Nature's means of relief, or that "happily we should be found to fight against God." There was sadly too much truth in Voltaire's bitter sneer, "Doctors pour drugs of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less," and I fear the sting has not entirely gone out of it even in this day of grace. And yet, relative and non-essential as all our definitions now recognize disease to be, it is far enough (God knows) from being a mere negative abstraction, a colorless "error by defect." It has a ghastly individuality and deadly concreteness, nay, even a vindictive aggressiveness, which have both fascinated and terrorized the imagination of the race in all ages. From the days of "the angel of the pestilence" to the coming of the famine and the fever as unbidden guests into the tent of Minnehaha; from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" to the plague that still

"stalks abroad" in even the prosaic columns of our daily press, there has been an irresistible impression, not merely of the positiveness, but even of the personality of disease. And no clear appreciation can possibly be had of our modern and rational conceptions of disease without at least a statement of the earlier conceptions growing out of this personifying tendency. Absurd as it may seem now, it was the legitimate ancestor of modern pathogeny, and still holds well-nigh undisputed sway over the popular mind, and much more than could be desired over that of the profession. The earliest conception of disease of which we have any record is, of course, the familiar "Demon Theory." This is simply a mental magnification of the painfully personal, and even vindictive, impression produced upon the mind of the savage by the ravages of disease. And certainly we of the profession would be the last to blame him for jumping to such a conclusion. Who that has seen a fellow-being quivering and chattering in the chill-stage of a pernicious malarial seizure, or tossing and raving in the delirium of fever, or threatening to rupture his muscles and burst his eyes from their sockets in the convulsions of tetanus or uræmia, can wonder for a moment that the impression instinctively arose in the untutored mind of the Ojibwa that the sufferer was actually in the grasp, and trying to escape from the clutch, of some malicious but invisible power? And from this conception the treatment logically followed. The spirits which possessed the patient, although invisible, were supposed to be of like passions with ourselves, and to be affected by very similar influences; hence dances, terrific noises, beatings and shakings of the unfortunate victim and the administration of bitter and nauseous messes with the hope of disgusting the demon with his quarters, were the chief remedies

resorted to. And while to-day such conceptions and their resultant methods are simply grounds for laughter, and we should probably resent the very suggestion that there was any connection whatever between the Demon Theory and our present practice, yet, unfortunately for our pride, the latter is not only the direct lineal, historic descendant of the former, but bears still abundant traces of its lowly origin. It will, of course, be admitted at once that the ancestors of our profession historically, the earliest physicians, were the priest, the Shaman, and the conjurer, who even to this day in certain tribes bear the suggestive name of "Medicine Men." Indeed, this grotesque individual was neither priest nor physician, but the common ancestor of both, and of the scientist as well. And, even if the history of this actual ancestry were unknown, there are scores of curious survivals in the medical practice of this century, even of to-day, which testify to the powerful influence of this conception.

The extraordinary and disgraceful prevalence of bleeding, scarcely fifty years ago, for instance; the murderous doses of calomel and other violent purges, the indiscriminate use of powerful emetics like tartar emetic and ipecac, the universal practice of starving or "reducing" fevers by a diet of slops, were all obvious survivals of the expulsion-of-the-demon theory of treatment. Their chief virtue lay in their violence and repulsiveness. Even to-day the tendency to regard mere bitterness or distastefulness as a medicinal property in itself has not entirely died out. This is the chief claim of quassia, gentian, calumba, and the "simple bitters" generally, to a place in our official lists of remedies. Even the great mineral-water fad, which continues to flourish so vigorously, owed its origin to the superstition that springs which bubbled or seethed were inhab-

ited by spirits (of which the "troubling of the waters" in the Pool of Bethesda is a familiar illustration). The bubble and (in both senses) "infernal" taste gave them their reputation, the abundant use of pure spring water both internally and externally works the cure, assisted by the mountain air of the "Bad," and we sapiently ascribe the credit to the salts. Nine-tenths of our cells are still submarine organisms, and water is our greatest panacea.

Then came the great "humoral" or "vital fluid" theory of disease, which ruled during the Middle Ages. According to this, all disease was due to the undue predominance in the body of one of the four great vital fluids—the bile, the blood, the nervous "fluid," and the lymph, and must be treated by administering the remedy which will get rid of or counteract the excess of the particular vital fluid in the system. The principal traces of this belief are the superstition of the four "temperaments," the bilious, the sanguine, the nervous, and the lymphatic, and our pet term "biliousness," so useful in explaining any obscure condition.

Last of all, in the fulness of time—and an incredibly late fulness it was—under the great pioneer Virchow, who still lives to witness its triumph, was developed the great cellular theory, a theory which has done more to put disease upon a rational basis, to substitute logic for fancy, and accurate reasoning for wild speculation, than almost any discovery since the dawn of history. Its keynote simply is, that every disturbance to which the body is liable can be ultimately traced to some disturbance or disease of the vital activities of the individual cells of which it is made up. The body is conceived of as a cell-state or cell-republic, composed of innumerable plastic citizens, and its government, both in health and disease, is emphatically a government "of the cells, by the cells, and for the

cells." At first these cell-units were regarded simply as geographic sections, as it were, sub-divisions of the tissues, bearing much the same relation to the whole body as the bricks of the wall do to the building, or, from a little broader view, as the Hessians of a given regiment to the entire army. They were merely the creatures of the organism as a whole, its servants who lived but to obey its commands and carry out its purposes, directed in purely arbitrary and despotic fashion by the lordly brain and nerve-ganglia, which again are directed by the mind, and that again by a still higher power. In fact, they were regarded as, so to speak, individuals without personality, mere slaves and helots under the ganglion-oligarchy which was controlled by the tyrant mind, and he but the mouthpiece of one of the Olympians. But time has changed all that, and already the triumphs of democracy have been as signal in biology as they have been in politics, and far more rapid. The sturdy little citizen-cells have steadily but surely fought their way to recognition as the controlling power of the entire body-politics, have forced the ganglion-oligarchy to admit that they are but delegates, and even the tyrant mind to concede that he rules by their sufferance alone. His power is mainly a veto, and even that may be overruled by the usual two-thirds vote. In fact, if we dared to presume to criticise this magnificent theory of disease, we would simply say that it is not "cellular" enough, that it hardly as yet sufficiently recognizes the individuality, the independence, the power of initiative of the single constituent cell. It is still a little too apt to assume, because a cell has donned a uniform and fallen into line with thousands of its fellows to form a tissue in most respects of somewhat lower rank than that originally possessed by it in its free condition, that it has therefore

surrendered all of its rights and become a mere thing, a lever or a cog in the great machine. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and I firmly believe that our clearest insight into and firmest grasp upon the problems of pathology will come from a recognition of the fact that, no matter how stereotyped, or toil-worn, or even degraded, the individual cells of any tissue may have become, they still retain most of the rights and privileges which they originally possessed in their free and untrammelled amoeboid stage. Just as in the industrial community of the world about us. And, although their industry in behalf of and devotion to the welfare of the entire organism is ever to be relied upon, and almost pathetic in its intensity, yet it has its limits, and that when these have been transgressed they are as ready to "fight for their own hand," regardless of previous conventional allegiance, as ever were any of their ancestors on seashore or rivulet marge. And such rebellions are our most terrible disease-processes, cancer and sarcoma. More than this; while, perhaps, in the majority of cases the cell does yeoman service for the benefit of the body in consideration of the rations and fuel issued to it by the latter, yet in many cases we have the curious, and at first slight almost humiliating, position of the cell absorbing and digesting whatever is brought to it, and only turning over the surplus or waste to the body. It would almost seem at times as if our lordly *Ego* was living upon the waste products or leavings of certain groups of its cells.

Let us take a brief glance at the various specializations and trade developments, so to speak, which have taken place in the different groups of cells, and see to what extent the profound modifications which many of them have undergone are consistent with their individuality and independence.

and also whether such specialization can be paralleled by actually separate and independent organisms existing in animal communities outside of the body. First of all, because farthest from the type and degraded to the lowest level, we find the great masses of tissue welded together by lime-salts, which form the foundation masses, leverage bars, and protection plates for the higher tissues of the body. Here the cells, in consideration of food, warmth, and protection guaranteed to themselves and their heirs for ever by the body-state, have, as it were, deliberately surrendered their rights of volition, of movement, and higher liberties generally, and transformed themselves into masses of inorganic material by soaking every thread of their tissues in lime-salts and burying themselves in a marble tomb. Like Esau, they have sold their birthright for a mess of "potash," and if such a class or caste could be invented in the external industrial community, the labor problem and the ever-occurring puzzle of the unemployed would be solved at once. And yet, petrified and mummified as they have become, they are still emphatically alive, and upon the preservation of a fair degree of vigor in them depends entirely the strength and resisting power of the mass in which they are embedded, and of which they form scarcely a third. Destroy the vitality of its cells, and the rocklike bone will waste away before the attack of the body-fluids like soft sandstone under the elements. Shatter it, or twist it out of place, and it will promptly repair itself, and to a remarkable degree resume its original directions and proportions.

So little is this form of change inconsistent with the preservation of individualism, that we actually find outside of the body an exactly similar process, occurring in individual and independent animals, in the familiar

drama of coral-building. The coral polyp saturates itself with the lime-salts of the sea-water, precisely as the bone-corpuscles with those of the blood and lymph, and thus protects itself in life and becomes the flying buttress of a continent in death.

In the familiar connective-tissue, or "binding-stuff," we find a process similar in kind but differing in the degree, so to speak, of its degradation.

The quivering responsiveness of the protoplasm of the amoeboid ancestral cell has transformed itself into tough, stringy bands and webs for the purpose of binding together the more delicate tissues of the body. It has retained more of its rights and privileges, and consequently possesses a greater amount of both biological and pathological initiative. In many respects purely mechanical in its function, fastening the muscles to the bones, the bones to each other, giving toughness to the great skin sheet, and swinging in hammock-like mesh the precious brain-cell or potent liver-lobule, it still possesses and exercises for the benefit of the body considerable powers of discretion and aggressive vital action. Through its activity chiefly is carried out that miracle of human physiology, the process of repair. By the transformation of its protoplasm the surplus food-materials of the times of plenty are stored away within its cell-wall against the time of stress. Whatever emergency may arise, Nature, whatever other forces she may be unable to send to the rescue, can always depend upon the connective-tissues to meet it; and, of course, as everywhere the medal of honor has its reverse side, their power for evil is as distinguished as their power for good. From their ranks are recruited the whole army of those secessions from and rebellions against the body at large—the mesoblastic tumors, from the treacherous and deadly sarcoma, or "soft-cancer," to the

harmless fatty tumor, as well as the tubercle, the gumma of syphilis, the interstitial fibrosis of Bright's disease. They are the sturdy farmers and ever ready "minute-men" of the cell-republic, and we find their prototype and parallel in the external world, both in material structure and degree of vitality, in the well-known sponge and its colonies.

Next in order, and, in fact, really forming a branch of the last, we find the great group of storage-tissues, the granaries or bankers of the body-politic, distinguished primarily, like the capitalist class elsewhere, by an inordinate appetite, not to say greed. They sweep into their interior all the food materials which are not absolutely necessary for the performance of the vital function of the other cells. These they form first into protoplasm, and then by a simple degenerative process it is transformed, "boiled down" as it were, into a yellow hydrocarbon which is capable of storage for practically an indefinite period. Not a very exalted function, and yet one of great importance to the welfare of the entire body, for, like the Jews of the Middle Ages, the fat-cells, possessing an extraordinary appetite for and faculty of acquiring surplus wealth in times of plenty, can easily be robbed of it and literally sucked dry in times of scarcity by any other body-cell which happens to need it, especially by the belligerent military class of muscle-cells. In fever or famine, fat is the first element of our body-mass to disappear; so that Proudhon would seem to have some biological basis for his demand for the *per capita* division of the fortunes of millionaires. And yet, rid the fat-cell of the weight of his sordid gains, gaunt him down, as it were, like a hound for the wolf trail, and he becomes at once an active and aggressive member of the binding-stuff group, ready for the repair of a wound or the barring out of

a tubercle-bacillus. And this form of specialization has also its parallel outside of the body in one of the classes in a community of Mexican ants, whose most distinguishing feature is an enormously distended oesophagus, capable of containing nearly double the weight of the entire remainder of the body. They are neither soldiers nor laborers, but accompany the latter in their honey-gathering excursions, and as the spoils are collected they are literally packed full of the sweets by the workers. When distended to their utmost capacity they fall apparently into a semi-comatose condition, are carried into the ant-hill, and hung up by the hind legs in a specially prepared chamber, in which (we trust) enjoyable position and state they are left until their contents are needed for the purpose of the community, when they are waked up, compelled to disgorge, and resume their ordinary life activities until the next season's honey-gathering begins. It scarcely need be pointed out what an unspeakable boon to the easily discouraged and unlucky the introduction of such a class as this into the human industrial community would be, especially if this method of storage could be employed for certain liquids.

Another most important class in the cell-community is the great group of the blood-corpuscles, which in some respects appear to maintain their independence and freedom to a greater degree than almost any other class which can be found in the body. While nearly all other cells have become packed or felted together so as to form a fixed and solid tissue, these still remain entirely free and unattached. They float at large in the blood-current, much as their original ancestor, the amoeba, did in the water of the stagnant ditch. And, curiously enough, the less numerous of the two great classes, the white, or leucocytes, are in appearance, structure, pseudopodic movements, and even

method of engulfing food, almost exact replicas of their most primitive ancestor.

There is absolutely no apparent means of communication between the blood-corpuscles and the rest of the body, not even by the tiniest branch of the great nerve-telegraph system, and yet they are the most loyal and devoted class among all the citizens of the cell-republic.

The red ones lose their nuclei, their individuality, in order to become mere sponges capable of saturating themselves with oxygen and carrying it to the gasping tissues. The white are the great mounted police, the sanitary patrol of the body. The moment that the alarm of injury is sounded in a part, all the vessels leading to it dilate, and their channels are crowded by swarms of the red and white hurrying to the scene. The major part of the activity of the red cells can be accounted for by the mechanism of the heart and blood-vessels. They are simply thrown there by the handful and the shovelful, as it were, like so many pebbles or bits of chalk. But the behavior of the white cells goes far beyond this. Not only do all those normally circulating in the blood that is directed towards the injured part promptly stop and begin to scatter themselves through the underbrush and attack the foe at close quarters, but, as has been confirmed by Cabot's recent studies in leucocytosis, the moment that the red flag of fever is hoisted, or the inflammation alarm is sounded, the leucocytes come rushing out from their feeding-grounds in the tissue-interspaces, in the lymph-channels, in the great serous cavities, pour themselves into the blood-stream, like minute-men leaving the plough and thronging the highways leading towards the frontier fortress which has been attacked. Arrived at the spot, if there be little of the pomp and pageantry of war in their movements, their

devotion and heroism are simply unsurpassed anywhere, even in song and story. They never think of waiting for reinforcements or for orders from headquarters. They know only one thing, and that is to fight, and when the body has brought them to the spot it has done all that is needed, like the Turkish Government when once it has got its sturdy peasantry upon the battlefield: they have not even the sense to retreat. And whether they be present in tens or in scores, or in millions, each one hurls himself upon the toxin or bacillus which stands directly in front of him. If he can destroy the bacillus and survive, so much the better; but if not, he will simply overwhelm him by the weight of his body-mass, and be swept on through the blood-stream into the great body-sewers, with the still living bacillus literally buried in his dead body. Like Arnold Winkelried, he will gladly make his body a sheath for a score of the enemy's spears, if only his fellows can rush in through the gap he has made. And it makes no difference whatever if the first ten or hundred or thousand are instantly mowed down by the bacillus or its deadly toxins, the rear ranks sweep forward without an instant's hesitation and pour on in a living torrent, like the Zulu impls at Rorke's Drift, until the bacilli are battered down by the sheer impact of the bodies of their assailants, or smothered under the pile of their corpses. When this has happened, in the language of the old surgeon-philosophers, "suppuration is established" and the patient is saved. And the only thing that dims our vision to the heroism and the noble self-sacrifice of this drama is that it happens every day, and we term it prosaically "the process of repair," and expect it as a matter of course. Every wound-healing is worthy of an epic, if we would only look at it from the point of view of the citizens of our great cell-

republic. Our leucocytes are the true "unsung heroes" of history. And if we were to ask the question, "Upon what does their peculiar value to the body-politic depend?" we should, I think, find that it was largely the extent to which they retained their ancestral characteristics. They are born in the lymph-nodes, which are simply little islands of tissue of embryonic type, preserved in the body solely for the purpose of breeding this primitive type of cells. They are literally the Indian police, the scavengers, the Hibernians, as it were, of the entire body. They have the roving and fighting instincts of the savage. They cruise about continually through the waterways and marshes of the body, looking for trouble, and, like their Hibernian descendants, wherever they see a head they hit it. They are the incarnation of the fighting spirit of our ancestors, and if it were not for their retention of this characteristic in so high a degree, many classes of our fixed-cells would not have been able to subside into such burgher-like habits. Although even here, as we shall see, it is only a question of quickness of response, for while the first bands of the enemy may be held at bay by the leucocytes cavalry, and a light attack repelled by their skirmish-line, yet when it comes to the heavy fighting of a fever-invasion, it is the slow but substantial burgher-like fixed-cells of the body who form the real infantry masses of the campaign. And I personally believe that upon the proportional relation between these primitive and civilized cells of our body-politic will depend many of the singular differences, not only in degree but also in kind, in the immunity possessed by various individuals. While some surgeons and anatomists will show a temperature from the merest scratch, and yet either never develop any serious infection or display very high resisting power in the later stages; oth-

ers, again, will stand forty slight inoculations with absolute impunity, and yet, when once the leucocyte-barrier is broken down, will make apparently little resistance to a fatal systemic infection. And this, of course, is only one of a score of ways in which the leucocytes literally *pro patria moriuntur*. Our whole alimentary canal is continually patrolled by their squadrons, poured into it by the tonsils above and Peyer's patches below. If it were not for them we should probably be poisoned by the products of our own digestive processes, and it is only when the toxic processes taking place in the alimentary canal have gotten beyond the supply power of the patches of Peyer that we get the phenomena of that often fatal drama, typhoid fever.

If, then, the cells of the body-republic retain so much of their independence and individuality in health, does it not seem highly probable that they do also in disease? This is known to be the case already in many morbid processes, and their number is being added to every day. The normal activities of any cell carried to excess may constitute disease, by disturbing the balance of the organism. Nay, most disease-processes on careful examination are found to be at bottom vital, often normal to the cells concerned in them. The great normal divisions of labor are paralleled by the great processes of degeneration into fat, fibrous tissue, and bone or chalk. A vital chemical change which would be perfectly healthy in one tissue or organ, in another is fatal.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred any group of cells acts loyally in the interests of the body; once in a hun-

dred some group acts against them, and for its own, and disease is the result. There is a perpetual struggle for survival going on between the different tissues and organs of the body. Like all other free competition, as a rule, it inures enormously to the benefit of the body-whole. Exceptionally, however, it fails to do so, and behold disease. This struggle and turmoil is not only necessary to life—it is life. Out of the varying chances of its warfare is born that incessant ebb and flow of change, that inability to reach an equilibrium which we term "vitality." The course of life, like that of a flying express train, is not a perfectly straight line, but an oscillating series of concentric curves. Without these oscillations movement could not be. Exaggerate one of them unduly, or fail to rectify it by a rebound oscillation, and you have disease.

Or it is like the children's game of shuttlecock. So long as the flying shuttle keeps moving in its restless course to and fro, life is. A single stop is death. The very same blow which, rightly placed, sends it like an arrow to the safe centre of the opposing racket, if it fall obliquely, or even with too great or too little force, drives it perilously wide of its mark. It can only recover the safe track by a sudden and often violent lunge of the opposing racket. The straight course is life, the tangent disease, the saving lunge recovery.

One and the same force produces all.

In the millions of tiny blows dealt every minute in our body-battle, what wonder if some go wide of the mark!

Woods Hutchinson.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM APPLIED TO A MODERN INSTANCE.

In this note I endeavor to apply the critical principles with which we are familiar, when applied to "the Hexateuch," to a well-known ode of the poet Burns. I shall endeavor to show that it must have proceeded from at least two "sources," with a probable admixture by a third hand in the last stanza; which, after approved precedent, I venture to ascribe to a "compiler," who "appears to have introduced slight additions of his own." I shall distinguish the sources as B¹ and B², and the compiler as C. The ode consists of nine stanzas, and it will be seen at a glance that the principal line of demarcation falls after the fifth of these. The first five I assign to B¹, the next three unhesitatingly to B², while of the last I speak with more reserve, and leave to more curious and minute critics the question in what proportions it is to be divided between B² and C. I fear I shall hardly make my remarks intelligible without a transcript of the greater part of the poem, which, happily, is not long.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On Turning One Down with a Plough,
in April, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' speckled breast.
When upward-springing, blithe, to
greet

The purpling east!

* * * * *
The flaunting flowers our gardens
yield,

High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histle stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

* * * * *
Above, each row of asterisks marks a stanza missed, and here the above "line of demarcation" occurs. I proceed to B², in four stanzas, the last modified by C:

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has
striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but hea-
ven
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's
fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's
weight,
Shall be thy doom.

In B¹ the dialect is the Scottish vernacular, in B² the classic English meets us. Their differences are far more strongly marked than those on account of which certain metrical pieces in the Old Testament, *e.g.*, the Song of Moses in Deut. xxxii., have been assigned to

a poet of Northern Israel. For here the differences include that of grammatical form, and that of vocabulary, as well as that of divergent mouldings of words common to both dialects. The most glaring instance of grammatical form is that of the third person singular of the verb in classic English being used for the second in Scotch. This occurs five times in the five stanzas of B¹—"Thou's [has] met," "Thou . . . adorns," and in the last two omitted stanzas, "Thou glinted forth," "Thou lifts," and "Thou lies." Contrast with these repeated instances the opposite one in the concluding stanzas, "Thou who mourn'st," for which B¹ would certainly have given "Thou that mourns." A different vocabulary is shown by the terms *stoure*, *weet*, *bield*; modified word-forms meet us in *maun*, *neebor*, *cauld*, *aca'*, and in the easily recognized *amang*, *stane*, *alane*, *snawie*; while in the phrase, *the histie stibble-field*, we have an example of each of these two latter combined.

I have dwelt thus far on linguistic points. But the contrast in the thoughts presented is no less marked than that of language. Who does not see that pure physical objectivity characterizes B¹, while B² is marked by moral subjectivity and sentimental reflection? The former deals with rustic features which appeal directly and simply to the senses, like those of Mrs. Barbauld's "Ode to Spring." The latter exhibits in every stanza a new image of pathetic sadness. Moreover, the two differences correspond and confirm one another. The Northern dialect claims the physical realm as its own, and the Southern the ethical. That B¹ and B² "form two clearly definable independent sources is a conclusion that may be accepted without hesitation," since form and matter concur to establish it.

But, further, B¹ "is marked by a series of recurring features which are absent from the other," and in it "particular formulæ are repeated with great

frequency," considering the brevity of the work. Thus we have in stanza vi., "such is the fate of artless maid;" in vii. we have ditto repeated "of simple bard;" in viii., "such fate," with a slight variation, "to suffering worth;" while in ix., the variation from the norm, due, perhaps, as above suggested, to C, is greater, the phrase appearing as "*that* fate is thine," and being here transposed from the first to the second line of the stanza. Again, we have a precisely similar formulaic recurrence in the fifth line of every stanza in succession, "*Till* she, like thee, . . . *Till* billows rage, . . . *Till* wrenched of, . . . *Till* crushed beneath," &c. This love of formulaic literacy is wholly absent from B¹, the "style" of which "is freer and more varied;" while these last four stanzas are "marked uniformly by the same distinctive and stereotyped phraseology" in each.

Yet more, B² exhibits a "distinctive and stereotyped" syntactic form otherwise. In every one of its stanzas except the last, the second and the third line form each a compound term constructed in apposition to a simple term in the first line, and yet not coupled to each other by any conjunction. To put it briefly, every such pair of lines forms opposed *asyndeta*. Thus to "maid" in stanza vi., line 1, is apposed "Sweet floweret of," &c., and again is apposed "by love's simplicity," &c. To "bard" in vii. 1 is apposed "On . . . luckless starred," and again is apposed "unskilful he," &c., where "he" virtually repeats the first term. Again, in viii. 1, "suffering worth" (a poetical abstraction for "a worthy man who suffers") has similarly attached to it its two following lines; and although helped by the relative "who," yet the effect is the same. Thus "sentences cast in the same type recur." From any such monotony of structure B¹ is wholly free: not to mention that such a poetical abstraction as that just noticed is wholly

foreign to his rustic muse. "Suffering worth" reminds us of Shakespeare's phrase "patient merit," and this suggests that the author had access to sources of culture to which that of B¹ was a stranger.

The compiler, whose hand we trace in the closing stanza, or else the poet of B¹, had evidently, in his apostrophe to himself, "Even thou who mourn'st," reproduced a trace of Gray's "Elegy" in the stanza which links it to the personality of the poet,

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate, &c.

But he had forgotten that "thee" of the preceding stanzas is the daisy *itself*. Here then the hand of a compiler seems clearly betrayed. Of course we need not doubt that the poet of B¹ had B¹ before him, and adjusted a moral, or series of morals, to it; to which joint composition C put some finishing touches, and thus completed "the process by which the 'Ode to the Daisy' assumed its present shape."

To sum up, then, B¹ and B² are distinct from each other, as being products respectively of a Northern and a Southern dialect; and this affects their grammatical form, including that of the verb personal, the vocabulary, and the type of word-moulding. They are distinct also in respect of marked phraseological recurrences, which one exhibits freely, while from the other they are wholly absent. They are distinct in respect of syntactical arrangement, which in B¹ is free and varied, but in B² tends to fall into a fixed norm. And they are even more strongly contrasted, if possible, in respect of subject-matter, and the absence or presence of implied references to other

standard works. And "where," as in the case before us, "the differences are," in proportion to the very slight bulk of the whole, "at once *numerous, recurrent, and systematic*, they may be regarded as conclusive evidence that the compositions in which they occur are not the work of one and the same author."

But indeed we know from another poem in the same collection, in the same Northern dialect, and in the same metre, that B¹ could moralize, when the fit seized him, and that too without forsaking his native rustic tongue. I will quote a short sample only from the stanzas "To a Mouse," whose nest, it seems, had been stirred by the same ploughshare which tore up the daisy:

Thou saw¹ the field laid bare an' waste
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought¹ to dwell;
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble.
Now thou's turn'd¹ out for a' thy
trouble,

But¹ house or hauld,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!

Here, then, we trace the hand and style of B¹ throughout. Thus the argument from resemblance confirms that from difference; and both together lead us to an assured conviction that B¹ and B² are distinct and separate authors. In this last case, however, there is no

¹ These will be recognized as examples of the dialectic usage of the personal verb above referred to in the text.

¹ "But," in the Northern dialect is a preposition, "without."

B², and therefore no room for the work of C.

I venture, therefore, to express the *genesis* of the "Ode to the Daisy" by the formula B¹ plus B² plus B³ multiplied by C. The quotations in inverted commas, where not from the poem itself, are from the valuable article of Professor S. R. Driver on "Genesis,"³ in his enumeration of the characteristics which distinguish the P of the critics from their J or JE. Where the phrases of so distinguished an authority were so apposite to the purpose, it would have been a mere affectation of originality to invent new ones. I am not aware that I have omitted any of the tests applied by him. I am not conscious of using them in any changed sense; or if any change there be, it is a change

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to a *fortiori*; for, *e.g.*, the difference between Scotch vernacular and classic English is greater than any amount of difference in style where the vernacular used is the same. Some may perhaps be led by the above to frame and apply a destructive hypothetical syllogism:—"If A is B, then C is D; but, if C be not D, then A is not B;" or, to clothe form with matter:—"If the method of the higher criticism is trustworthy, then the above Ode must be by more than one author." Any who have got thus far will be able to judge for themselves whether this consequent is to be admitted or denied, and to clinch the argument accordingly.

Canon Hayman.

³ "Dict. of the Bible," 2nd ed., I. II. pp. 1140; foll.

THE POET CARE.

Care is a poet fine:
He works in shade or shine,
And leaves—you know his sign!—
No day without its line.

He writes with iron pen
Upon the brows of men;
Faint lines at first and then
He scores them in again. . . .

Then deeper script appears:
The furrows of dim fears,
The traces of old tears,
The tide-marks of the years.

To him, with sight made strong
By suffering and wrong,
The brows of all the throng
Are eloquent with song.

From At Dawn and Dusk.

Victor J. Daley.

MAIDEN SPEECHES.

The first speech of a Member of Parliament resembles in more ways than one a soldier's baptism of fire. It is always an event of much consequence to himself and to his feminine relations, but the world at large usually knows or cares little of it. Probably, if he be a wise man, the speech is delivered on some unimportant occasion which calls for no great effort beyond the ordeal—sufficient for most men—of addressing for the first time the most critical audience in the world. Happy the man in such circumstances of whom little is expected, and who succeeds in leaving the impression that, having something worth saying, he knows how to say it and have done. Happier, for the moment, he of whom men say that a new star has appeared in the firmament; but he trembles as he reflects that now a high standard will be applied to him, and that he has made a reputation which he may be unable to maintain.

In the class of cautious beginners were Peel, who during his first year in Parliament spoke very seldom, and only a few words at a time; Derby, who sat four years in the House of Commons before he opened his mouth, on the subject of a Gas Bill; and Gladstone, who, as Mr. Alfred Robbins has discovered, first spoke on an unimportant private Bill. Among those who rose at a bound to the highest rank, were Fox, whose incisive and cultured oratory was at once recognized as a new power in the Tory party—which party, however, he was to spend the greater part of his life in assailing; and the younger Pitt, whose maiden speech, made in favor of economical reform, moved Burke to tears, and elicited from Fox the admission that his young rival was already one of the

first men in the House of Commons. These men made their reputation and lived up to it—others have more or less resembled Gerard Hamilton, who, for fear of losing the credit gained by his single speech, sat mute for forty years afterwards. It is not, however, the present purpose to recall these well-told stories. A few instances may be found which will be less familiar and not less interesting.

Take the case of poor Zachary Lock, whose maiden essay is thus recorded in the Commons "Journal" for December 3, 1601: "Mr. Zachary Lock began to speak, who for very fear shook so that he could not proceed, but stood still a while and at length sat down."

Very similar was the fright of an honorable gentleman whose first, and probably his only, oration is thus recorded in D'Ewe's "Journal of the Long Parliament": "Behold, sir, another feature of the procrastinating system. Not so the Athenian patriots—Sir, the Romans—Sir, I have lost the clue of my argument—Sir, Sir—Sir, I will sit down."

Lord Gullford, eldest son of Lord North, gave a candid account of the terrible scare which nipped in the bud his first attempt to address the House. "Having risen and caught the Speaker's eye," he said, "I brought out two or three sentences, when a mist seemed to rise before my eyes. I then lost my recollection, and could see nothing but the Speaker's wig, which swelled, and swelled, and swelled till it covered the whole house. I then sank back to my seat" ("Recollections of Wilberforce").

Occasionally, however, failure is suddenly turned to triumph, as in the case of Lord Finch, son of Lord Nottingham, who in 1714 attempted a

maiden speech in support of Dick Steele. It was proposed to expel Sir Richard from the House for his pamphlet "The Crisis," directed against the Tories, and the young member rose to oppose the motion, but, becoming embarrassed resumed his seat in confusion. "It is strange," he muttered as he sat down, "that I cannot speak for this man, though I would readily fight for him." The words were overheard and repeated from bench to bench, and the House, touched by the manly spirit they evinced, encouraged Lord Finch by loud cheers to proceed. Inspired with new courage, he sprang to his feet and addressed the House with great force and effect. The story is told by Mr. Wyon in his history of the reign of Queen Anne.

An even more effective conversion of failure into success was that of a member who utilized his own breakdown as an object-lesson in favor of the cause he wished to advocate. This was young Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, who rose for the first time to address the House, in 1695, in support of a Bill for permitting prisoners accused of high treason to employ counsel for their defence. He stumbled, hesitated, and finally broke down. Being called upon by friendly members to proceed, he said: "If I, who only rose to give my opinion upon the Bill now depending, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I propose to say, what must be the condition of that man who without any assistance is pleading for his life, and in apprehension of being deprived of it?" Macaulay says this is the only speech delivered during the debates on the Bill which has survived, and it is preserved by tradition.

There have been several instances of maiden Prime Ministers—that is, men who have become Premier without having previously held office. They

include Lord Rockingham in 1765, the Duke of Portland in 1783, and Mr. Addington in 1801, though the last-named had been Speaker. But history records only one case of a Minister who reached the Premiership without having made a speech in Parliament. This was the Marquess of Bute, the Court favorite who was made use of to oust the Whigs on the accession of George III. Though he did not become first Lord of the Treasury until four months afterwards, he was practically Prime Minister when he made his first speech in the House of Lords. There was great curiosity to see how the obnoxious Scotchman would acquit himself, and the Commons crowded the Bar and thronged the steps of the Throne, just as they do now when any event of exceptional interest is expected in the Lords. As Mr. Massey says ("History of the Reign of George III."), good sense would in such circumstances have dictated the plainest and most unassuming style of oratory, but Bute "affected a solemn, sententious elocution, than which nothing could be more foreign to the tone and taste of the English Parliament. A knowledge of affairs would nevertheless have overcome even this formidable disadvantage, but the matter was as jejune as the manner was ridiculous."

Macaulay's judgment on the occasion is less severe, and he says it was the general opinion that had Bute been early practised in debate he would have been an impressive speaker. His only performances had been on the amateur stage—hence the theatrical action and tumid style. Walpole, in his Memoirs, says the few that dared to sneer at this theatric fustian did not find it quite so ridiculous as they wished.

George Canning came into Parliament with an oratorical reputation established at Oxford—where, by the

way, he was a hot Jacobin—and at more than one London Debating Society, but to the chagrin of his friends he maintained a rigid silence during his first session in the House. His maiden speech in January, 1794, on Pitt's motion for a subsidy to the King of Sardinia, was generally acknowledged to be a great success; but his hearers little knew how near it was to being a dismal failure. Writing a few weeks later to Lord Boringdon, he said:

I intended to have told you at full length what my feelings were at getting up and being pointed at by the Speaker, and hearing my name called from all sides of the House; how I trembled lest I should hesitate or misplace a word in the first two or three sentences, while all was dead silence around me, and my own voice sounded to my ears quite like some other gentleman's; how in about ten minutes or less I got warmed in collision with Fox's arguments, and did not even care twopence for anybody or anything; how I was roused in about half an hour from this pleasing state of self-sufficiency by accidentally casting my eyes towards the Opposition Bench for the purpose of paying compliments to Fox, and assuring him of my respect and admiration, and then seeing certain members of Opposition laughing (as I thought) and quizzing me; how this accident abashed me, and, together with my being out of breath, rendered me incapable of uttering; how those who sat below me on the Treasury Bench, seeing what it was that distressed me, cheered loudly, and the House joined them; and how, in less than a minute, straining every nerve in my body, and plucking up every bit of resolution in my heart, I went on more boldly than ever, and getting into a part of my subject that I liked, and having the House with me, got happily and triumphantly to the end.

In 1805 Henry Grattan was returned to the Imperial Parliament for the borough of Malton, after having sat at the cradle of the free Irish House of Com-

mons more than twenty years before, and followed its hearse in the year 1800. His first appearance at Westminster was awaited with exceptional curiosity, for the conditions of success on the two sides of the Channel were very different, and Henry Flood had been a rank failure in similar circumstances. The ordeal to the practised orator was therefore at least as severe as it would be to a novice, and there was much doubt about the issue. Charles Phillips ("Curran and his Contemporaries") thus describes the scene:

When he rose every voice in that crowded House was hushed; the great rivals, Pitt and Fox, riveted their eyes upon him. He strode forth and gesticulated; the hush became ominous; not a "hear" was heard; men looked in each other's faces and then at the phenomenon before them, as if doubting his identity. At last, and on a sudden, the indication of the master-spirit came. Pitt was the first to generously recognize it. He smote his thigh heartily with his hand—it was an impulse when he was pleased. His followers saw it and knew it, and with an universal burst they hailed the advent and triumph of the stranger.

Lord Byron, who gave from hearsay a similar version of the scene, succeeded in ascribing to Pitt in one sentence the characters of a thermometer, an actor, and a huntsman:

"I have heard," he said, "that when Grattan made his first speech in the English House of Commons, it was for some minutes doubtful whether to laugh at or cheer him. But when the Ministerial part of our senators had watched Pitt (the thermometer) for a cue, and saw him nod repeatedly his stately nod of approbation, they took the hint from their huntsman and broke out into most rapturous cheers. Grattan's speech, indeed, deserved them—it was a *chef d'œuvre*.

Reference was made above to the ill-success of Flood, who had shared with Grattan the palm of oratory in the

Irish House of Commons. His first speech in the British Parliament was made in one of the debates on Fox's India Bill, and the benches soon became crowded when word went round the precincts that the great orator from the other side of the Channel was on his feet. His exordium could not have been more inept. He began by saying he was wholly unacquainted with the question, and he had not read a line of the reports that lay upon the table, but nevertheless that he had come over from Ireland expressly for the purpose of taking part in the debate. This unpromising introduction of himself was followed by mere rapid declamation. The benches thinned, attentive silence gave place to a buzz of conversation, and the orator's reputation was gone.

The debates on the same Bill brought out the virgin speeches of two men whose names will always live in the legal history of England. They were men of the opposite poles of character and achievement—John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, for twenty-five years Lord Chancellor of England, most profound of lawyers, most patient and cautious of judges, most uncompromising of Tories; and Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine, for about six months Lord Chancellor, most dexterous and brilliant of advocates, most inefficient of judges, most fearless of Whigs. Both had just entered Parliament, in their early thirties, both had already risen high in their profession, but both failed to attract the favorable attention of the House. As for Scott, he made, says Mr. Massey, perhaps the most absurd speech that had ever been made in the House of Commons.

It was a question of high constitutional law, involving chartered rights and the conflict of public and private interests, and a grave analysis of the subject would have established the kind of reputation to which one would have expected the young lawyer to as-

pire. But, with a perverseness of taste that sometimes afflicts men of genius, he endeavored to play with the light weapons of wit and sarcasm wielded by a Fox or a Sheridan. Taking a Bible from his pocket, he essayed to show by quoting long passages that the Bill was foreshadowed in the Book of Revelation—an illustration the like of which had not been witnessed within those walls since the days of Barebones. From the New Testament Mr. Scott passed to Thucydides and Shakespeare. He accused Mr. Fox of attempting to smother the Constitution, citing Othello and Desdemona as a precedent in point. The House was too amazed to laugh, and the orator resumed his seat in significant silence.

Erskine was not ridiculous, but, what is perhaps worse, he was dull. His reputation as one of the greatest orators ever heard in Westminster Hall had raised the highest expectations in the House. Pitt came down, it is said, prepared to find an antagonist who would call forth his highest powers, and was genuinely disappointed; but it may be that he used a dramatic means of discomfiting his new opponent, and that his action was the cause, rather than the effect, of Erskine's failure. At any rate we are told that after listening for a short time to the new orator Pitt contemptuously flung away the paper on which he had been taking notes and listened no more. Seeing the effect which a smile on the opposite benches had upon Canning, we can well conceive the horror with which Erskine would observe this conduct of the *arbiter oratorum*. He soon afterwards sat down, amidst the faint applause of his friends and the hardly suppressed sneers of his opponents. Burke, in some contemptuous references to the speech, remarked that he wished the country to be governed by law but not by lawyers. Erskine frequently spoke afterwards, but his talents were such as succeed with juries rather than those that appeal to the more fastidious ear of the

House of Commons, and he never became a power in Parliament.

History has hardly done justice to the younger Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool, Premier of England longer than any other man during the present century. Disraeli, ever impatient of the old school, described him as "the arch mediocrity;" Cobbett, with characteristic contempt for high-born respectability, dubbed him "the pink-nosed Liverpool." Jenkinson was trained to statesmanship as thoroughly as ever was Fox, or Pitt, or Peel, and before he was twenty-one he entered the House as member for Appleby. The return was, of course, illegal, but his is not the only case in which the irregularity has been winked at. Yonge, in his "Life of Lord Liverpool," points out that though elected to the House he did not speak until he was twenty-one years of age and adds that "Fox is perhaps the only instance of a minor venturing to take the oaths and raise his voice in debate." This appears to be an error. Lord Chesterfield—the author of the Letters—spoke whilst under twenty-one, but, being warned that if he ventured to vote notice would be taken of the illegality, he kept out of the division lobby until of age. Indeed, the Act voiding the election of persons under twenty-one years of age was not passed until the reign of William III., and Hattell states that the poet Waller sat in Parliament before he was seventeen years old. Jenkinson did not speak for over a year after his election, his maiden effort being made towards the end of 1792 on a motion of censure moved by Whitbread with respect to the increase of the Navy. Pitt selected Jenkinson to open the debate on the Government side, and the compliment was fully justified. Yonge says, "Our Parliamentary annals have recorded no maiden speech which made so great an impression." Pitt began his own speech by saying that "it was not only a

more able speech than had ever been heard from a young member, but one so full of philosophy and science, strong and perspicuous language, and sound and convincing arguments, that it would have done credit to the most practised debater and most experienced statesman that ever existed." Dundas and Burke, in letters to the young member's father, Lord Hawkesbury, were almost equally eulogistic. Sheridan—believing at the time that the brilliant young Canning was to be captured by the Whigs—said in the debate that his own party was about also to receive a great accession in the companion and friend of the young orator who had just distinguished himself. It was little thought then that Jenkinson's "companion and friend" would, after long years of waiting, step into his shoes as a Tory Prime Minister.

One of the most remarkable of maiden speeches was that of the Rev. John Horne Tooke. For over thirty years this famous wit, scholar, and orator had borne himself with the utmost assurance and effrontery in all kinds of difficult situations. He had bullied the Commons at their own Bar—he had defended himself with coolness and success during a six days' trial for high treason. Yet when he stood up to deliver his first speech as a Member of Parliament he was almost paralyzed by terrors which could only be compared with those of a timid wayfarer when called upon to "stand and deliver" in another sense. His frame shook with fright and embarrassment, and he had the utmost difficulty in proceeding. Tooke had as a young man entered the Church by his father's desire, but soon acquired an invincible repugnance to holy orders. No means then existed of ridding himself of his sacred calling, though he soon abandoned its functions—and throughout his life his orders hung like a millstone round his neck. He was the Ishmael of litera-

ture and politics. He was disqualified for the Bar, at which he would probably have been a great success, and when in 1801, at the age of sixty-four, he was returned for Old Sarum by Lord Camelford, the question at once arose whether holy orders were a disqualification for membership of the House. A Committee of Precedents having reported that the law was indefinite, a Bill was brought in declaring the clergy ineligible to sit, and it was on this measure that Tooke, after careful preparation, rose to make his maiden speech.

The keen curiosity with which his utterance was awaited proved too much for even his hardened nerves. He was seized with strange tremors, and, as he afterwards acknowledged, he hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels. Recovering somewhat his self-possession, he gave a brief sketch of his career and told the House how his hopes and prospects had been blasted by the rash adoption of a profession for which he was unsuited, and which he had renounced for thirty years. Unfortunately his irrepressible cynicism alienated sympathy which might otherwise have been readily extended to him. "Cannot," he asked at one stage, "a quarantine of thirty years be sufficient guard against the infection of my original character?" Erring both in the tone and the matter of his speech, he criticised the report of the Committee, and questioned the decision of the Speaker on a point of practice, arguing the matter at length in defiance of the traditional deference which the House accords to the Chair. Being called to order for violating another rule which forbids the imputation of motives to other members, he disputed the rule and sought to prove it inconsistent with reason and the freedom of debate. Members soon tired of him, and retreated to the lobby or the library. The Bill was passed, but it was

not retroactive, and Tooke retained his seat until the following year, when Parliament was dissolved, and under the new Act he was disqualified for re-election.

When the Duke of Wellington took office as Prime Minister in 1828, there were animated debates on the personal elements involved in the change of Ministry. During the course of one of these Mr. Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, known in Society as "Tom Duncombe," delivered a maiden speech, the secret history of which was not known until many years afterwards. There were many rumors about as to the influence exercised over the King by Sir William Knighton (his Privy Purse) and Lady Conyngham, and, commenting upon these, Duncombe referred darkly to persons of great consequence, never seen and seldom heard of, who regulated and influenced every Ministerial arrangement—a secret influence behind the Throne who managed all the springs;

At whose soft nod the streams of
honor flow,
Whose smiles all place and patronage
bestow;

with much more of a similar kind about the prescriptions of a physician (Knighton) and the wiles of a wealthy Jew (Rothschild). The speech created a sensation at the time, and brought quite a reputation to Duncombe, who had sat two years in the House without opening his mouth, and was chiefly known as a Society buck. He became an active and popular politician, and sat for many years as Radical member for Finsbury. Twenty years after his death it was disclosed, on the publication of the "Greville Memoirs," that the maiden speech was not his own at all. It was written by Henry de Ros, a young man of fashion, to oblige Duncombe, who was anxious to make an impression on his constituents. Know-

ing little of politics, he asked de Ros to help him to a subject. De Ros prepared a speech which he thought would make a sensation, and Duncombe learnt it by heart and fired it off as soon as an opportunity occurred.

A strange story is that graphically told by Disraeli, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," of the night when Peel was finally dismissed from power in 1846. The Corn Law Bill had passed the Commons, and the Radicals were impatiently awaiting its return from the Lords before throwing Peel out on his Irish Coercion Bill, a task in which Bentinck and certain of the Protectionists were quite ready to assist. For several weeks the delay had embarrassed the strange allies and it became increasingly difficult to keep up the debates on the Coercion Bill and delay the crucial division. Meanwhile the more astute of Peel's friends had been casting about among the Protectionists for some one to lead a diversion in his favor. A prominent man could not be found, and in the alternative the Duke of Buckingham—a man of great influence with the Country party—was induced to allow his son, the Marquis of Chandos, to undertake the task of trying to win the Protectionists over to Peel's side. Now Chandos was a very young man, who had lately come into Parliament as a hot Protectionist, was little known and very reserved, and had not made his voice heard in the House. "Tender shoulders," observed Disraeli, "whereon to place so weighty a charge! A party manifesto and a maiden speech; the rescue of a powerful Ministry by an inexperienced strippling!"

At length it was known that the Corn Bill would come back from the Lords on Thursday, June 25, and in the morning of that day Lord George Bentinck "was informed in confidence, but with circumstances of some exaggeration, of the intended movement of Lord

Chandos, and of the great defalcation in the Protectionist ranks which would certainly take place." That night, during the debates on the Coercion Bill, the messengers brought down several Bills from the Lords, and when the Speaker announced that the Corn Importation Bill and the Customs Duties Bill had passed their lordships without amendment, loud cheers burst from the Liberals, who knew they were now at liberty to overthrow the author of the Bills—if they could, a point which was still in some doubt. It depended on how many Protectionist votes they could command. Disraeli thus continues the story:

Seated on the highest bench, hid by a column, with his back against the wall, in a position from which no person ever yet did, or apparently ever could, address the House, a young man whom nobody knew now sprang up, very pale, and solicited the Speaker's eye, who called upon Mr. Bankes. "Chandos," whispered a member (Dizzy himself, doubtless,) to Lord George, who looked round and threw at him a scrutinizing glance.

Mr. Bankes was down, and Lord Chandos rose again, but the Speaker called Mr. Spooner. When Mr. Spooner had finished it was about ten o'clock, and the Speaker retired to his coffee and his only relaxation of ten minutes, preliminary to the great speech of the night, which, on this occasion, was to be offered by an orator no less accomplished than Mr. Shiel, whose name had been called before the Chair was vacated. . . . The House listened with glowing attention to the last great Irish harangue of the most brilliant of modern rhetoricians. It was so eager for division that none but he could have commanded and charmed it. When Mr. Shiel sat down, Lord Chandos and a member of the Government, the Solicitor-General, rose at the same time. The Speaker, of course, called the Minister, but the restlessness and impatience of the House were so uncontrollable that the learned gentleman was quite inaudible during his address.

When he concluded, the calls for a

division were overpowering; nevertheless Lord Chandos rose again, and this time, as he rose alone, he was necessarily named. The cries for Lord Chandos from the Treasury Bench were vehement, and the voices of more than one of the leading members of the Administration were easily to be distinguished. The position of the speaker, the novelty of the example—for surely a maiden speech was seldom made under such difficult circumstances—the influence of the Treasury Bench in their neighborhood, and the conciliatory circumstance that he was a new member, combined suddenly to produce in this disturbed scene a complete stillness.

Very pale, looking like the early portraits of Lord Grenville, determined but impassive, and coldly earnest, Lord Chandos, without any affectation of rhetorical prelude, said in a clear and natural tone that he wished to state his intention of recording his vote for the Government, and he gave succinctly his main reasons for doing so. He supported them as an Administration founded on Conservative principles, and he for one did not agree that Conservative principles depended on tariff regulations, or that the existence of the institutions of the country relied upon the maintenance of a fiscal principle. Whatever the result of the division, he should have the satisfaction of knowing that his vote would be registered freely and fairly on the merits of the question, and that he was not actuated by personal prejudice or factious opposition.

Disraeli adds that there is unfortunately no report of these observations. Sir Robert Peel, turning his face to Lord Chandos, listened to him with great attention, and watched him with approving interest. When he sat down the cheering from the Treasury Bench and its vicinity was loud and vociferous. But it was all in vain. Cobden briefly closed the debate, and at half-past one the division was taken. More than one hundred Protectionist members followed the Minister, more than eighty avoided the division, and nearly the same number followed Lord George Bentinck in supporting the Liberals.

Everybody was astonished to learn that the Government were defeated by a large majority. "They say we are beaten by seventy-three!" whispered the most important member of the Cabinet in a tone of surprise to Sir Robert Peel. "Sir Robert did not reply," says Disraeli, "or even turn his head. He looked very grave and extended his chin, as was his habit when he was annoyed and cared not to speak." The next day the Government resigned.

It may be added that this Lord Chandos was the last Duke of Buckingham, the title becoming extinct when he died without male issue in 1889. He was Mr. Disraeli's Colonial Secretary in 1868, and afterwards Governor of Madras.

There are several instances of members who have had the assurance to break silence on the first day of their appearance in the House of Commons. The record is probably held by a Mr. Lechniere, a lawyer who was returned for Appleby in 1708. According to Jennings' "Anecdotal History of Parliament," he turned round and addressed the House immediately after he had taken the oaths, whereupon a facetious country gentleman interrupted him with the objection that he had no right to be heard, inasmuch as he was not yet the "sitting member." He had not sat down since entering the House. In modern times the record for "early rising" is held by Mr. Farrell, who was returned to fill a casual vacancy for West Cavan shortly after the General Election of 1895. He took his seat on August 29, and within an hour afterwards he was in the full swing of a long oration on Irish grievances. He spoke with the utmost ease and coolness, and his only blunder was to refer to a previous speaker by name instead of by his constituency. The first slip passed unnoticed, but on the second commission of the offence there were gentle calls of "order," and Mr.

Farrell calmly asked for indulgence as a beginner. It was characteristic of the generosity which the House extends to new members that the speaker was cordially cheered in all quarters. "Orator" Hunt is said by Townsend to have spoken on six different subjects

The Leisure Hour.

the first night of his appearance. Mr. Tim Healy is another member who spoke on his first night, whilst Mr. John Redmond had the unique distinction of being suspended within two hours of taking his seat.

James Sykes.

WAITING.

Martine Beerts, kneeling on the flags beside her little cart, a hand on her dog's warm, heaving flank, looked up—as she had looked up so many times—at the great wonder of the Cathedral spire, soaring far above the restless little square, as if it could only company with the sun and the stars. Not even the daring swallows could reach the high home of the bells away up there in the turret. That was their own blue solitude, where for three hundred years the music had come down to men and women who had scarcely listened. Only Martine, perhaps, and one or two others with an ear for the whisper, could have told you what they said, though perhaps not in any words the lips could frame.

The Friday market was over on the Gröenplaats, where the mean little houses, all awry, lean against each other. A moment ago it was loud with chaffer and the strident voice of the seller, but now a silence had fallen on it, as if to make a clear space for the bells. Ah! there now, you could hear them! How sweetly their notes floated, with a little break and suspension, as of sigh upon sigh out of a heart happy enough to play at sadness.

To Martine they had only one message that day. "The world is beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!" they sang. "Surely," thought the girl, "the good

God must be glad we love his world so much."

Yet the contents of her cart remained unsold, and that was a disappointment to carry home to the little farm across the plain.

On other days the Gröenkerhof is a market for vegetables and flowers, but on Friday you may sell anything—old clothes, old furniture, old iron,—anything you can persuade a buyer to take for a centime or two. Times had not been good on the farm where Martine and her mother struggled on with very little help, and the old woman had unlocked the great painted chest and taken some treasured relics out of it—a crucifix, roughly carved in wood; a cap with lappets of fine lace, such as the older Flemish peasant women still wear; some yards of much darned Mechlin that had once trimmed a priest's robe; a Virgin's crown with great glittering jewels of glass, ruby, green and gold, that caught the light as limpidly as if they were real.

These had been given long ago to old Martin Beerts by the sacristan of a village church where a great lady, in passing by, had vowed a new coronal for the Virgin, and something over for priestly finery. Old Martin knew that English tourists fancied these things and would pay handsomely for them, so he kept them for that rainy day

which was so sure to come when the rheumatism carried him off and there were only the women folk to work the farm. But in the early spring there were few strangers; or none, at least, who cared to wade through that unsavory jumble, rescued from dustbin and garret, on the slender chance of picking up a curio.

Martine was a little glad as well as sorry to be carrying the crucifix and the yellow crown home with her again; for the girl, untutored peasant as she was, had a sensitive soul, and she shrank from converting these things which she held sacred into money.

"They will be giving our lady a new crown in there to-day," she thought, her eyes coming downwards from the spire to rest an instant on the door in the shadow of the recess where you enter the great church. For May is Mother Mary's month, and all the altars raised to her are decked anew with paper roses, and she is carried under a shining canopy through the crowded city streets. Many of the market women had pushed aside the leather curtain and gone within to offer out of the day's takings a candle to our lady, but Martine lingered without, her eyes again lifted to the slender wonder of the spire, her soul perhaps, in some vague way, lifting wings too.

It was so warm in the little square, where you escaped the nip of the spring wind and got the whole comfort of the blessed sunshine.

"You love it, don't you, Wachter?" She slipped a brown, bare arm around the dog's neck. A minute more and the sweepers would come with their long brooms and make a whirlwind of dust and flying papers about the statue of Rubens, standing in gracious aloofness on his high pedestal, and then, at the two rival *cafés*, the chairs and the little tables where people lounged and gossiped would be set out on the pave-

ment, and at the Bon Marché, the wonderful hats and neckties and ribbons that you could buy for a song,—with, alas! briefer wearing qualities than any song—would be taken down from their dangling hooks by the assistant with the long black hair, whose market, too, was over for the day.

Martine wondered who would bargain for the things he put in their place: the fine leather shoes, the teapots of real china, the baskets with worsted roses? The rich English, or Americans, no doubt, who might be sailing even now across the seas. And next Friday if she were to bring the priest's lace—

A hand suddenly fell on her shoulder and a voice said:

"Still here, lazy one?"

Martine looked up, and in an instant content was quickened to bliss, as if she had put up a hand and taken the sun out of the sky into her own bosom.

Yet he who spoke was only a rough sailor lad with a blunt nose, a big mouth, small eyes that twinkled with patronizing good humor as he looked down on her. His coarse blue jersey was rolled up at the sleeves, showing the rope-like muscles of his fore-arm; his legs and feet were bare, too, and he was so tanned, embrowned and freckled, except for one white line with the effect of a necklace where the jersey lay loose around his throat, that you could not tell whether nature had meant him to be fair or dark, unless you judged by the sun-bleached tuft of hair escaping from the tasseled cap.

Along the quays by the Scheldt, Jan Hoese was counted a wild lad, hot-headed and quarrelsome, too ready to sever an argument with a whipped-out knife, shunned and feared even in his moods of superficial good-temper by his comrades in the fo'castle. There were, perhaps, only two people who ever saw him with other eyes, and

they wove for him an entirely fictitious character—his mother, who was dead, and now—Martine.

"No luck?" he asked, looking down into the little cart where the Virgin's tarnished crown glittered dimly.

She shook her head pensively, then brightened again.

"But I sold the potatoes and the spring cabbage,"—she raised her apron and untied a large knot in the corner, revealing a handful of copper and nickel. "Look, Jan! All that. Ah, spring is the time to make money out of the garden stuff!"

His light eyes glittered. The pence, bunched together, seemed a great store, and the price of a glass of "Bock" out of them would never be missed—but Martine was looking up at him with such entire trust in her clear gaze that, for the first time in his life, his secret self rose up and shamed him.

"Come to the Quay," he said abruptly.

She had no word of refusal for him. The market was over early, her mother would not go out to the gate yet awhile to look with hand-shaded, expectant eyes along the white road. She rose from her knees, with a deft shake of the dust from her skirts, and led the dog by his shining brass collar to the yard used by the market people. There was a great babble of baying and whining from other dogs as Jan and Martine went down the narrow alley opening from the square; the little carts were stacked close, and Wachter, a fighter by instinct, had to be tied up at a distance that discouraged combat.

"He's all right now, the brute," said Jan roughly, for Martine lingered to give a last consoling pat where he would have admonished with a kick. There were times, such as the present, when, of a sudden, Jan Hoese was half ashamed of his sweetheart, so

simple, so homely in her peasant dress: the many-pleated woollen gown that would have made the slimmest waist clumsy, the handkerchief that, tied across her hair, hid half its bright brown. He was sulky as they went down the alley together, she with a clatter of wooden sabots, he with the soft fall of a flat, bare, hardened sole. As they crossed the small inner square by the Quinten Matsys Fountain, an old priest, standing in the shelter of the tower door, looked after them with a face that lit benevolently as Martine made her shy reverence. Jan cared nothing for any priest's blessing or banning; but as they met the river wind fresh in their faces, carrying with it an indescribable odor of ocean-going ships, his mood relaxed. The sea, whose true son he was, called to him, and his love for it and his love for Martine lifted him up to the best he had it in him to be. As they stepped over the tram-lines to the *Promenoir*, that delighted lounge where, yourself at idlest ease, you may survey the bustle of the quays, many looks of smiling goodwill other than those of the old priest fell upon Martine, whose little cup of life was brimming with happiness. Jan was quick to see them, and to note, too, the change to disapproval as the glances passed from the girl to himself; but while, in his reckless way, he scorned any judgment that condemned him personally, his vanity was pleased that public opinion should endorse his choice of a *Meisjen*. He thrust his arm through hers with an air of proprietorship.

"Come and look at the water," he said.

They stood by the parapet, leaning elbows on the stone work which rises breast high. Beneath them, with its rocking burden of ships from all lands and kingdoms of the world, the broad Scheldt went hurrying to its marriage with the sea. It takes a bend here like

a crescent moon, and the city, with the Cathedral for its heart, crowds about its brim. He told her how, for leagues and leagues of that long waterway between flat green shores, you could see the daring spire, to every returning Antwerper the finger pointing home.

"And when you go away?" she asked, wistfully.

"There are other lands to see," he said, lightly.

She looked across the blue breadth of river.

"I've never been anywhere," she said simply.

He laughed. "We'll go to Sint Anneke on Sunday," he said, and when she shook her head in faint dissent, he overruled her in his loud way. He painted the glories of that popular resort: you could almost smell the fried fish across the water, and the beans and bacon—the barley pudding—the pancakes! He smacked appreciative lips. Then, at night, the dancing—

"You've got another gown?" he said, with a sudden distrustful frown.

"Yes," she said, blushing rosily. There was her confirmation gown, fresh and crisp in the big chest, and the cherry ribbon her father had once given her as a fairing. But—a whole Sunday. And her mother—and the farm—

He made light of her fears. The mother—she would not say no to him, he should take very good care of that! He, Jan Hoesse, reckoned the best dancer on the Van Dyk Quay, did not seek out a *Meisjen* to be treated as if he were a counter-jumper at the Blue Dahlia. He had seen the world; he knew how to come round an old woman. Besides, one must take one's bit of pleasure when one could—and next week the "Santa Elena" would be showing her canvas to the wind.

Next week—that was the blot upon her blue. Involuntarily she crept a little nearer to him; her brown hand

touched his timidly. He laughed as he took it and swung it to and fro in his own. She was pretty and he cared for her. At that moment he cared very much.

* * * * *

It was over, the great and beautiful day of Martine Beert's life, the day to which all other days seemed to have led up, about which all memories must cling. Jan, at his best, had been wholly devoted. He had danced with no one else in the restaurant, where the garish lights seemed so dazzling an illumination to the girl's wonder, and her feet had found themselves attune to the music of the fiddles, and her frock had been the freshest in the room. Then, when the stars had begun their march across the river, looking down out of the Infinite to see their faces reflected there, he had ferried her to the Quay and walked home with her to the farm, across the dim, dewy country, sweet with the night fragrance of the earth, and in the dip of road by the ragged fir wood he had said good-bye and promised to love her always.

Her own love was his already. She had no words to tell him how great it was, but he knew, and in that hour of stirred feeling he vowed to be worthy of it.

It made a saint's day of life only to remember it, its brightness scarcely dimmed by the parting. Her mother heard the girl's confession very silently, but her eyes had learned in solitude to read surely, and her heart was in disquiet. She was landward bred, and knew little of those who go down to the sea in ships. The lad was bold, over-bold, and had too many words.

"And if he should think to sit here as master—" she said it querulously, but her mouth was tremulous as she turned away and closed the heavy door behind her, as if that were the end of the sentence and she was shut-

ting Jan out for ever and ever from all that Martine knew as home.

It gave the girl a pang, and yet it was a wound soon healed. Jan loved her; down there in the skirts of the wood where she had lost him she would one day find him again, and then everything would come right. Already, at a word—a kiss—her child's trust was turned into woman's constancy. There was nothing Jan could not do; nothing he would not dare.

As she toiled, yoking the oxen for the plough, doing the roughest of man's work with her little brown hands, her spring had burst full-blossomed. Far across the plain—some wandering breath had brought it—came a delicate thin sprinkle of music; it was the chimes, and they sang again:

"The world is beautiful: God is good."

Did Jan, sailing away to the great sea, hear their song? Once she had asked him what look the sea wore, and vaguely, out of his halting words that had no art to tell, she gathered that it was another sky come down to earth, like that above her now, a great blue solitude—"God's own profound." As she halted the wheezing oxen by the last brown ridge, she ran across the strip of road to last night's trysting-place. Jan seemed nearer to her there, not lost upon that illimitable, shoreless plain, but close at her side, holding her hands. With a laugh of delight she was down on her knees. There at the edge of the plantation, where the ragged firs part to make room for the sun shafts, the wild hyacinths had put out a little row of bells for the wind to tinkle. It was spring in the world, too; life and love born together in a night.

Sometimes she had thought it lonely on the farm, so few people passed that way, and her mother and she, sharing everything, had so little to talk of; but now it was not lonely any more.

Every living thing had its new-born voice, and even the sprouting blades seemed to come up with a whisper from the dark under-world. And there were the beasts—the wise beasts that understand far more than you think, and answer, too:

For what are the voices of birds
Ay, and of beasts—but words, our
words,

Only so much more sweet!

The oxen had liquid eyes that followed you, and what a world of sympathy in Wachter's agate pupils—what an assent—when you whispered some foolishness about—lovers—in the wag of his stumpy tail.

And all through the early year there was one day in the week when Martine and the world met under the shadow of Our Lady's spire. The priest's lace was sold, and the crucifix too. An English lady, with high cheek-bones and eye-glasses, who had come once and again upon a Friday, and had examined them over and over, bought them at last, "and for a guinea too little," as Martine's nearest neighbor, a shrill *trödlerweib*, derided her. For the girl had not yet learned that dexterity of tongue that has made the displeasure of the old clothes vendor of Antwerp as much to be dreaded as that of her sister of the Paris Halles.

Wachter, yoked between the shafts, had little to draw now save such vegetables as the scanty farm garden could grow, and there were so many gardens round the city where the soil was richer and the sun fell kindlier. While she waited, hoping that one of the gentlemen from the hotels, or restaurants—always the earliest to market—would buy her store, her fingers were busy with the knitting needles. Content still filled her heart and mind, but, though love made its brave amends, the cares of life were pressing a little hardly. There had been a long drought, grass

was scanty, and food for the beasts was growing dear; the mother wanted new sabots; and the sea was so far off that even if it had any message you could not hear it.

These things made a vague background of sadness to the notes of the bells, heard in the intervals of the city's din. When the market was over, she often went into the cathedral, now; it was so still and cool there, where the Virgin looked at you with her calm regard and the Babe smiled from her arms. The Saints had kind faces, too, as those should have who listen all the year round to the whispers of hearts sad or glad. Martine had only her gladness to tell of as she knelt at this or that shrine or looked up at the great window where, towards evening, Antwerp's Margrave glows in ruby and gold as if he were stepping straight out of heaven itself.

The old priest, seeing her there one afternoon, stood by her and told her the story of the great Fleming's life, waving aside the impatient sacristan who, with his rattle and wand of office, was warning the visitors to leave.

"One little moment, Jean Baptiste," said the priest, courteously, and the custodian fell back humbly enough, though with anger in his heart that the church should be kept open—and it gone five—for a mere ignorant *Meisjen* of the people!

But the father did not think her too ignorant, this wide-eyed child, whose young face caught some gleam from the fulness of light as he told her how De Bouillon, reclaiming God's earth for God, was the first to mount the walls of redeemed Jerusalem—a Christian king who refused to be crowned with gold where the King of all kings had worn a wreath of thorns.

He talked a long time, forgetting, perhaps, in his absent way, to whom he spoke, or how much of what he said must be strange to her, so near

the twilight himself that her morning was a world away. But something, that was not to die, he had awakened in her breast, and on the next market-day she was kneeling to him in the confessional.

He heard her story—which was scarce a story at all—silently. Her love was the whole of it—her love that had made life so beautiful. Was it wrong to be so happy?

His old heart was wise with age and long practised charity, and for a while he said nothing. He knew Jan Hoesé as one who has lived all his life in a triangle of streets girdling the cathedral gets to know each passer's face, and rumor had whispered no good of the lad.

But—if one only loves what is worthy love—is not the "clear gain" too much on one side? And how can the lower nature be lifted unless the higher stoops?

"The blessed Lord did not wait," he mused, "till He thought His children good enough to die for. We were redeemed at a great cost, and love, the mighty lever, may work its miracle still. She shall give Jan Hoesé his one supreme chance."

So he blessed her and dismissed her, and she vowed a silver heart to the Saint who takes special care of sea-going men, and took her own into the happy sunshine, the only shadow that had rested on it clean chased away. For the good God who made the world so beautiful, made love too, and His gifts are "without repentance."

* * * * *

And who dare affirm that Jan Hoesé, risen for one moment to the supreme of his nature, fell again the next into the old slough? For such as he, you say, one of earth's coarsest clay, there are no lasting spiritual victories; but if it were Death—God's "dear and good angel"—that came, and with one lift of the hand set him clear and safe in

the new life where failure finds no place?

For the "Santa Elena" was never drawn back by the magnet of the spire to the Van Dyk Quay. She sailed before a fair wind to that Unknown where so many gallant ships pass beyond human ken; one more sea mystery of which none came back to tell the tale.

In the after years Martine slowly realized that the story begun here was to have its ending elsewhere; but even during the first dark whispers and head-shakes, surmises and pitying glances, her trust in Jan was not shaken. It was all in one gift with her love; the two could not be divided. She was so sure, at first, that he would come home, that any April day by the wood patch she would find him waiting, perhaps to spring out on her with a laugh at her fright; so sure, when the wild hyacinths rang their joy peals in vain, that he would have come if he could.

There was little outward difference in her life. The poor have always work to do, work which cannot wait for any sorrow, and Martine's hands had not one task the less because her blue day had faded into gray. To the peasant, the events of the year are the season's changes. He could not, if he would, put into speech his appreciation of Nature's many moods, but there is not one that his slow gaze misses. In the great loneliness of his life she speaks to him as the dumb to each other, with signs clear as any words.

So it was at least with Martine, who found some closer sympathy in the face of the familiar green fields and the sky above them than in the compassionate looks of the women in the market-place, or the sailor men on the quays. It was only the old priest who could lay his hand on the wound and not make it quiver afresh.

He sent for her once, to go to him. The autumn had been inclement, and

he was falling fast, it was said, and for weeks had not been out of his own house in the narrow street between the river and the church. His fat old housekeeper, who was devotedly attached to him, and nursed him with ignorant zeal, saw Martine go by to the *Promenoir* and spoke aloud her wonder at what should take her there, it being no market day.

"Tell her to come to me," the old man roused himself to say. So Magdalena, who would have tried to give her master the moon out of the sky if he had asked for it, put on her goloshes, with much puffing and panting, and waddled after the girl.

Martine stood alone at the far end of the *Promenoir*, the fitful autumn wind buffeting her sun-browned face, grown older and graver in these last years. It came straight across the flat land from the distant sea, and to her untaught thoughts it seemed to her a very breath from the eternal shores; But Magdalena's scandalized eyes saw nothing but the crust of rye bread which the girl was crumbling and flinging to the gulls, driven inwards in search of food.

"Such wickedness!" cried Magdalena, with lifted hands of horror, "and bread a centime dearer! Nay, but if his reverence were not so ill, he should hear of it himself and make you do penance for such waste!"

Martine colored faintly, and her eyes had a startled look as she turned round.

"Is he ill, Magdalena? We did not hear it out at the farm."

"Then you are the only one in Antwerp, or, for the matter of that, in Borgerhout or Berchem, that does not know it, and why you are keeping him waiting to throw precious food to those greedy birds when he has sent for you—"

Martine walked by her side without a word, but she soon outstepped the fat Magdalena, and was the first to reach

the priest's door. The housekeeper struggled after her, scolding and exclaiming:

"Take your shoes off!" she cried; "is his reverence's rest to be disturbed by the likes of you?"

Martine slipped out of her sabots and went into the plain, small room upon such soundless feet that she did not wake the old man out of his stupor. She stood looking down upon him with the dumb patience that finds no words for pain. So he was to go, too, he who had so often helped her. Magdalena was officiously whispering and gesticulating, but she never saw her.

He opened his eyes presently and slowly recognized her. With a motion of his hand he dismissed Magdalena.

"Kneel down, my child," he said, "my breath grows scant."

She knelt, her wide brown eyes steadily fixed on his that she might lose no word, for his voice was faint.

"Wait in patience. There is a reason for our pain. You will know it one day. The All-Great—He must needs be the All-Loving too."

For a moment she thought he was gone, his face so sunken, the words coming slowly from his blue lips.

Martine the woman, forgot the priest in the suffering man. She put her strong, tender brown arm under his head, and lifted him on the pillows where he could breathe with less effort. He thanked her with a smile; then suddenly his wasted face became illu-

minated, as if the curtain of the Unseen were drawn aside for him and he saw that of which the tongue cannot tell.

"The light!" he whispered, rapturously. "Oh, the blessed light!"

But the last effort of his dying senses was for this poor child who had suffered, and for whom there was as yet no heavenly vision. A moment more the glory was delayed that his final whisper of comfort might reach her. He looked at her with infinite tenderness in his dim eyes.

"In His shadow," he breathed, "there is healing, too!"

* * * * *

She went back to her quiet world, which must be lonelier still without him. The sun was very low as she crossed the plain, a dull red behind the grating of black cloud, but suddenly the dying embers kindled a new spark and sent a level shaft of red to paint the pine trunks in the little wood. Her dead life too was to have its relit fires.

The uncertain, gusty wind, brought with it the notes of the Ave bell, sweet as a bird's voice in spring. The changing lights and shadows made up a spell, then swiftly, like a dropped curtain, came the evening gray.

The cattle were tinkling homewards, catching a mouthful as they went. She hurried after them, to keep them from straying, and at her voice they filed obediently in at the gate.

There was nothing now in all the distance but the stealthy-footed night.

Temple Bar.

HOW DO WILD BIRDS DIE?

There is no question in the natural history world which puzzles the popular mind more than the question of where wild birds die a natural death. The discrepancy between the number

of birds bred and those found dead from purely natural causes is so strikingly great that there is little wonder that the subject is so much enshrouded in mystery. Extended travels and

observations have convinced me that a very small percentage of our wild birds really die a natural death, and that accidents and enemies of various kinds account for the majority of them. In considering the question we must in the first place omit infantile mortality, which, from one cause or another, such as lack of food and inclement weather, is very great, as may be seen by wandering through our woods in the springtime, or visiting the breeding haunts of such gregarious species as cormorants or terns. One very important circumstance which prevents many wild birds dying a natural death is that the non-predatory ones are seldom permitted to do so by their enemies, for when they sicken they naturally lose some of their wonted vigilance and activity, and are therefore not in a position to detect danger so quickly as of yore, or make their escape with the necessary amount of expedition. In the case of birds of prey, if old age or illness should reduce their watchfulness and energy sufficiently to bring them within range of a shot-gun, man seldom allows an opportunity of encompassing their destruction to pass by.

Of course, hard winters reduce the food supply, of such birds as thrushes, redwings, and blackbirds, for example, sufficiently to kill them off in vast numbers. After the terribly protracted visitation of frost and snow we experienced during the first two or three months of the year 1895, I found the remains of a great many of each species in the puffin-burrows at the Farne Islands, and during a single walk in Westmoreland picked up no less than eight skeletons of grouse that had died of starvation away down in the meadow fields. The condition of the last-named shy mountain birds became so pitiable that they were to be seen walking along the streets of even good-sized market towns in search of food,

and were reduced to only half their normal weight. Robins, although such familiar little birds, are full of mystery. One pair will rear two broods of four or five each in a single season, and yet, in spite of this, the following winter will not show an increased stock. The facts that a certain number of members of the species migrate, and that a small percentage may be slain by the ever-present and generally mischievous cat, will not account in any way for what the shopkeepers would call the unknown "leakage from stock." In spite of Wordsworth's very pretty and famous lines,—

Art thou the bird whom man loves
best,
The plous bird with the scarlet
breast—

Our little English robin?

the bird is exceedingly vicious and quarrelsome, I am sorry to say. I have one in my garden which feeds, sings, lives, and appears to consider the whole place arranged and kept for his especial benefit and pleasure. The other day a stranger of the same species arrived upon the scene, intent upon sharing the good things provided, and the very fiercest battle I ever saw waged by any wild birds in my life was the result. They fought in the air like little feathered demons, stood back upon the ground and met each other just as gamecocks do, and finally became so much exhausted that they were obliged to prop themselves up by their tails whilst they panted open-mouthed for breath. Apparently in recognition of this selfish habit of monopoly, country folk account for the loss of so many of the redbreasts bred in this country by saying that the young ones, upon attaining full growth, drive away or kill their parents; and yet I have only picked up one robin that looked as if it might have died a natural death, or from exhaustion after some fiercely contested battle.

Rapidly developing attacks of sickness and sudden death have their places in the bird-world. I feed a number of tits every day outside my dining-room window by hanging pieces of suet up in small nets and placing the kernels of Spanish nuts—of which they are exceedingly fond—in cleft sticks. The other day I was watching a blue tit hard at work upon a piece of food, when to my great surprise the poor little creature was suddenly transformed by an attack of illness from a wee spark of perpetual motion into a huddling tuft of blue and yellow feathers. I thought the erstwhile merry little chap was going to succumb right away, but, fluttering to a small bush just below him, he sat moping for a long while and finally recovered sufficiently to fly away. A young lady, whilst sitting in her father's garden in the northern suburbs one summer's day, was astonished to see an old male sparrow fall at her feet in a fit. She picked the bird up in an absolutely unconscious condition and carried him indoors, where after a while he rallied, and, recovering his senses, flew away again as if nothing whatever had happened. A friend of mine, whilst walking round his grounds one morning not far from Kew, was greatly surprised to see a thrush which had been singing very sweetly at the top of a tall elm-tree suddenly fall headlong to the ground, and upon picking the unfortunate creature up discovered that it was quite dead. One fine autumn afternoon I was taking a quiet walk alongside a wood belonging to Sir Henry Meux in the neighborhood of Enfield, when, upon looking over a low gate, I saw a young hen pheasant walk slowly out of a ditch close to me. No sooner had she reached the top of the bank than, instead of taking wing and flying away as I expected, she began to open her mouth and jump up as if choking. In less than a minute she

rolled back into the ditch whence she had come, and after giving one or two convulsive wing flaps stretched out her legs with a shivering spasm and died. A year or two ago I found a wren's nest in a piece of ivy growing against a high garden wall. It contained three eggs which were entirely minus the usual brownish red spots, and I concluded that their layer must be either a very old bird or in poor health. Visiting the nest next morning at six o'clock, I discovered, upon thrusting an inquiring finger inside, that the owner was at home, so promptly withdrew for fear of disturbing her. At eight o'clock I returned again, thinking that I had allowed the wren sufficient time to lay her fourth egg, but found her still at home. My suspicions were aroused, and pushing a finger gently beneath her I discovered the pathetic fact that the poor little bird was quite stiff and cold. At the Farne Islands I have found an occasional tern lying dead—spotless, and, so far as could be seen, quite uninjured—whilst its beautiful, noisy companions were standing or flying closely around with every sign of happy oblivion to its lifeless condition. I have also seen elder ducks and gannets lying dead, apparently from natural causes, upon rocks where they bred, and at St. Kilda observed several kittiwakes floating inanimate in the sea.

The fact that very few of the lifeless bodies of birds that have succumbed to perfectly natural causes are seen, may be accounted for in various ways. When seized with illness many of them no doubt seek the most secluded parts of woods, so as to escape their enemies; those that die in exposed places are no doubt speedily devoured by hedgehogs, crows, and other creatures unaverse to food which they have not slain for themselves; and, lastly, multitudes of ants, flies, and beetles quickly consume any carrion left undisturbed in

the fields during the summer time. I have known a full-grown rabbit absolutely eaten up by insects, with the exception of its fur and bones, in a week, and dead birds' feathers come in very useful to living ones that line nests with such things. I remember finding a common wren's nest lined throughout with feathers from a female grouse, although the builder had had to fetch them from a good distance. In such ways all traces of a dead bird would soon disappear, except of its wings, which are sometimes also used. At the

The Speaker.

Nomp of Noss in the Shetlands I found a shag's nest last summer lined with the wings and skeleton of a sea gull. Some idea may be gathered of the value attached to a source of feather supply by birds in the act of nest-building when it is mentioned that I myself and several friends saw a house sparrow watch a pair of roosters fight in a field near Elstree, and as the combatants plucked each other's feathers out the knowing little bird picked them up and flew away to its nest with them time after time.

R. Kearton.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A new life of Charles Lamb is promised, from the pen of Mr. E. V. Lucas, with whose name the readers of *The Living Age* are pleasantly familiar.

It is announced that Miss Hannah Lynch is the author of the unusual and somewhat painful serial, "The Autobiography of a Child," which is just completed in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The announcements of American publishers for the spring season include about one thousand titles. Fiction, as usual, predominates, and there is some complaint that the prevailing tone of most of it is so depressing, not to say gruesome.

The Appletons have added to their "Great Commanders" series a volume on General Sherman, which is written by General M. F. Force, who, as one of Sherman's division commanders, accompanied him on the Atlanta campaign and in the march to the sea.

There are boycotts and boycotts.

Impelled by numerous resignations of members who did not wish to be associated with M. Zola, the French Cycling Tourists' Club not long ago dropped him from its roll. Thereupon so many of M. Zola's friends, and lovers of fair play in general, sent in their resignations that the club is on the verge of dissolution.

The recent death of M. Emile Erckmann has recalled the historical novels which he wrote in collaboration with M. Chatrian, and which had an extensive vogue twenty or thirty years ago. It is strange and melancholy that so close an association should have been broken by an extremely bitter quarrel which severed at one snap their literary collaboration and their friendship.

At the other extreme from the cheap magazines with which both England and the United States are flooded, is a magazine which it is reported that Lady Randolph Churchill is about to establish. This is to be sumptuously bound and to be sold at a guinea a

copy. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany figures among the contributors, but whether in the department of art or of literature is not announced.

Mr. Watts, the eminent artist, detests the slaughter of little birds in order to rob them of their plumage, and to give expression to his feeling he has painted for exhibition in London a picture which shows an altar on which are heaps of feathers, over which bends an angel of compassion, one of Dante's "birds of God."

For those who pursue the knowledge of things Anglo-Indian by way of the short story, the new collection of realistic and serious tales in which Edgar Jepson and Captain J. Beames have collaborated, "On the Edge of Empire" (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers), will prove useful. In directness and vigor many of these sketches have a resemblance to actual history. One of the shortest of them, and the most touching, is the study of a sepoy's dull but patient fidelity, "Allah Dad's Farewell."

The upward progress of the *parvenue*—her name being Mrs. G. Washington-Withers—is realistically described in "The Ladder of Fortune," by Frances Courtenay Baylor (Houghton, Mifflin and Co., publishers). One of the strongest characters in the book is that of Mr. Withers. To his common sense is due the satisfactory conclusion of the love affair whose heroine is the charming daughter "Polly," and hero a wholly American young man. Under the cleverness of the analysis the story has always a sympathetic quality that is attractive.

Into a little volume of less than two hundred pages, which may be carried easily in the pocket, Mr. Thomas

Campbell Copeland has compressed most of the things which one wants to know about the new dependencies of the United States. This "American Colonial Handbook" contains a great variety of facts and figures, historical, geographical and commercial, so arranged as to be readily mastered by even a hasty reader, and furnished with maps and statistical tables. The little book is a model of conciseness and accuracy. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

In these days of antiquarian research such a book as Edwin M. Bacon's "Historic Pilgrimages" (Silver, Burdett and Co., publishers) will be found both timely and readable. It is the account of a little journey through the Old Bay State, and among the places visited are Plymouth, Provincetown, Salem, Marblehead, Concord, Cambridge and Boston, with their outlying points of interest. Much care has been taken in giving trolley-car connections and names of streets, so that the book, though somewhat large, would still be useful to carry as a guide. The illustrations are unusually varied and there are many of them.

A striking addition to studies of Jewish life and character is made in "A Tent of Grace," one of Houghton, Mifflin and Company's latest novels, by Adelina Cohnfeldt Lust. The scene is laid in Germany. The heroine, a poor and beautiful Jewess, experiences the cruelty of Christian playmates, the unkindness of a Jewish rabbi, the hospitality of a Christian pastor, and the affection of a large-hearted Jewish matron, while she is loved by two men, one a rich Jew of the worst type, the other a Christian physician. As a result, justice is done to what is noblest in each religious belief, and to what is less noble most scathing rebuke is meted out in this earnest and highly dramatic tale.

